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JAN. 19, 1907

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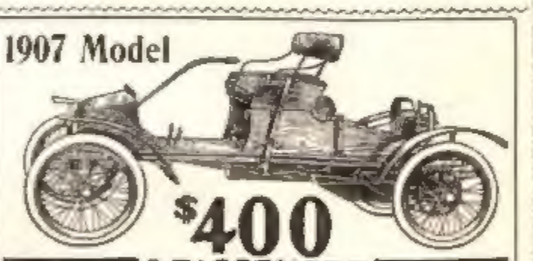

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1803 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Health-Laws of the Jews

By Solomon Solis Cohen

The science of hygiene was perfected in Judea thousands of years before Hippocrates, "the father of medicine," practiced in Thessaly. It was codified then, and it is approved to-day; it has preserved the Jewish race through all their tempestuous centuries, and, observed and reverenced to the present time, it has made that race the phenomenally long-lived, healthy, plague-free people that doctors and statisticians have pronounced them to be.

Why these health-laws were enacted, how they are applied, and the scientific reasons for their excellence—these are the topics which are discussed in this article by Doctor Cohen, one of the editors of the American Hebrew, author of Essentials of Diagnosis, and lecturer on clinical medicine in the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia.

The Sheep Woman

By Elmore Elliot Peake

The bloody battle-ground of the cow-range and the sheep-trail is the scene of this story—a story in which the fierce, direct, elemental passions clash, and the strong loves and hates of primitive men and women carve out a drama of high emotional interest and deep human sentiment.

Mining Madness

By Edwin Lefevre

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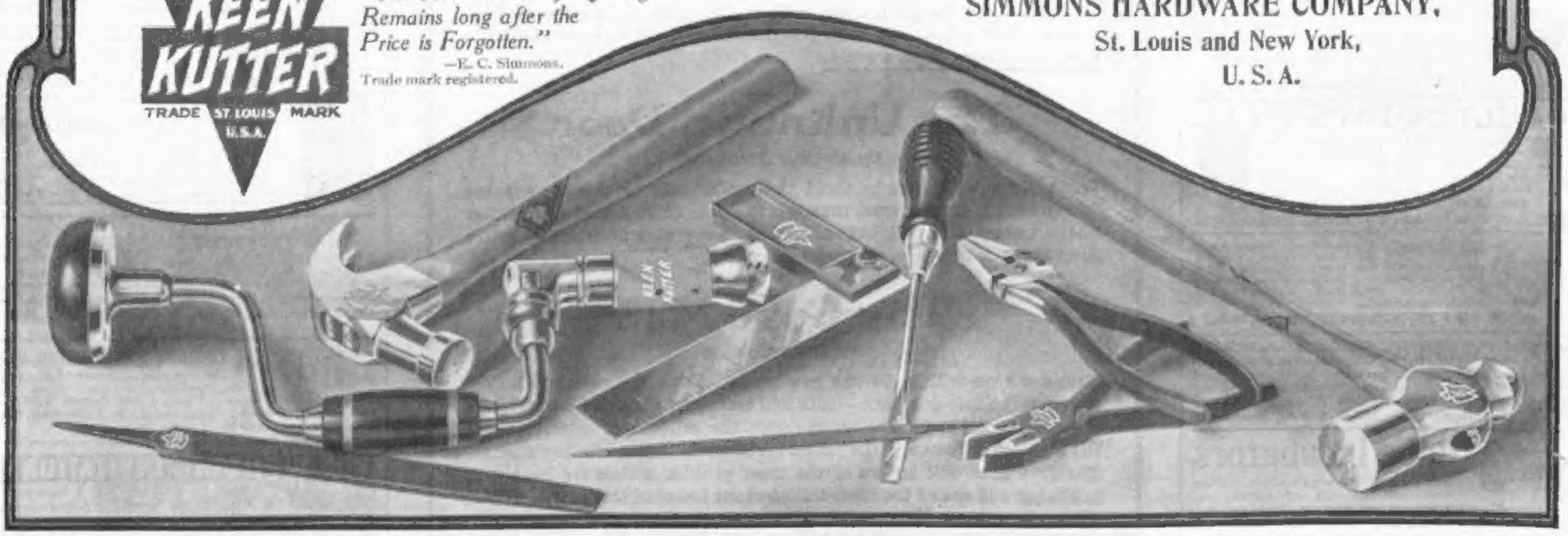

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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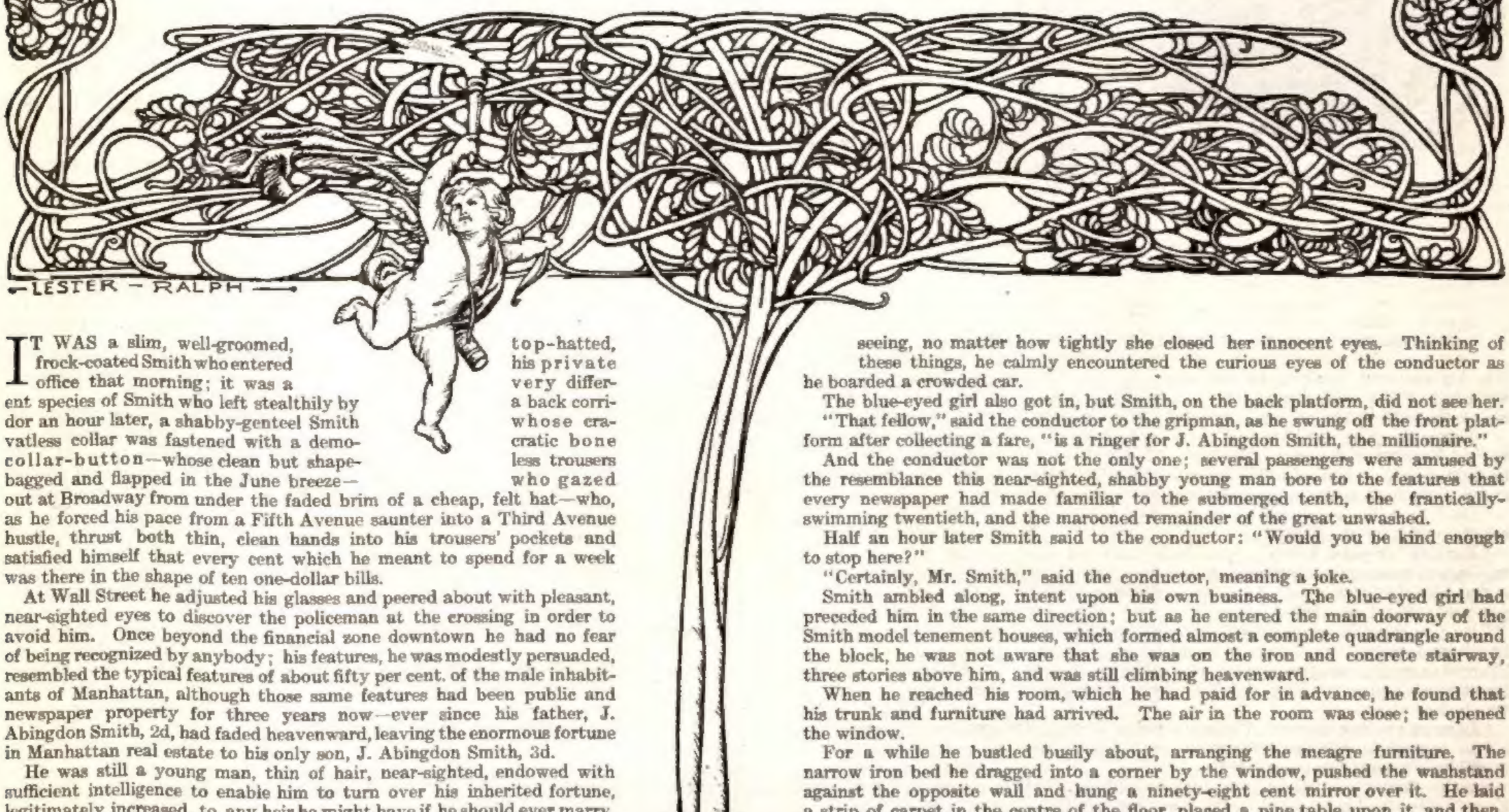
The Tree of Dreams

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS



IT WAS a slim, well-groomed, frock-coated Smith who entered office that morning; it was a top-hatted, ent species of Smith who left stealthily by his private dor an hour later, a shabby-genteel Smith very differ- vatless collar was fastened with a demo- a back corri- collar-button—whose clean but shape- whose cra- bagged and flapped in the June breeze— cratic bone who gazed less trousers out at Broadway from under the faded brim of a cheap, felt hat—who, as he forced his pace from a Fifth Avenue saunter into a Third Avenue hustle, thrust both thin, clean hands into his trousers' pockets and satisfied himself that every cent which he meant to spend for a week was there in the shape of ten one-dollar bills.

At Wall Street he adjusted his glasses and peered about with pleasant, near-sighted eyes to discover the policeman at the crossing in order to avoid him. Once beyond the financial zone downtown he had no fear of being recognized by anybody; his features, he was modestly persuaded, resembled the typical features of about fifty per cent. of the male inhabitants of Manhattan, although those same features had been public and newspaper property for three years now—ever since his father, J. Abingdon Smith, 2d, had faded heavenward, leaving the enormous fortune in Manhattan real estate to his only son, J. Abingdon Smith, 3d.

He was still a young man, thin of hair, near-sighted, endowed with sufficient intelligence to enable him to turn over his inherited fortune, legitimately increased, to any heir he might have if he should ever marry. Had he resembled Smith the first, or Smith the second, he would have done this as a matter of family routine—married the sort of girl that generations of Smiths found inoffensive enough to marry; produced one heir, and, when the proper time arrived, would have in his turn decorously and formally faded heavenward—leaving a J. Abingdon Smith, 4th, to follow his example.

But Smith had inherited from his mother a thin but deep streak of romantic sentiment. This vein ran clean through him, and might have manifested itself in almost any form along the line of least resistance, had it not been half-imbedded in a stratum of negative platitudes inherited from his emotionless father.

As he stood in his shabby clothes, near the new Hall of Records, waiting for a Fourth Avenue car, a slender, blue-eyed girl, passing, looked up at him with such a frank, sweet gaze that he missed his next breath and then made up for it by breathing twice too quickly. He had an idea that he had seen her before, but finally decided he hadn't.

To be loved for himself alone was one of his impractical ideas, born of the maternal sentimental streak; but, for years, the famous Smith fortune, its enormous holdings in realty, the doings of the Smiths, their shrewd sales, purchases, leases, improvements, their movements, their personal affairs, their photographed features had been common property and an unfailing source of news for the press; and he knew perfectly well that, however honest and theoretically disinterested a girl might be, the courtship of a J. Abingdon Smith, of whatever vintage, could not help representing a bunch of figures that no human being in shape of a female biped could avoid seeing, no matter how tightly she closed her innocent eyes. Thinking of these things, he calmly encountered the curious eyes of the conductor as he boarded a crowded car.

The blue-eyed girl also got in, but Smith, on the back platform, did not see her.

"That fellow," said the conductor to the gripman, as he swung off the front platform after collecting a fare, "is a ringer for J. Abingdon Smith, the millionaire."

And the conductor was not the only one; several passengers were amused by the resemblance this near-sighted, shabby young man bore to the features that every newspaper had made familiar to the submerged tenth, the frantically-swimming twentieth, and the marooned remainder of the great unwashed.

Half an hour later Smith said to the conductor: "Would you be kind enough to stop here?"

"Certainly, Mr. Smith," said the conductor, meaning a joke.

Smith ambled along, intent upon his own business. The blue-eyed girl had preceded him in the same direction; but as he entered the main doorway of the Smith model tenement houses, which formed almost a complete quadrangle around the block, he was not aware that she was on the iron and concrete stairway, three stories above him, and was still climbing heavenward.

When he reached his room, which he had paid for in advance, he found that his trunk and furniture had arrived. The air in the room was close; he opened the window.

For a while he bustled busily about, arranging the meagre furniture. The narrow iron bed he dragged into a corner by the window, pushed the washstand against the opposite wall and hung a ninety-eight cent mirror over it. He laid a strip of carpet in the centre of the floor, placed a pine table upon it, and then, picking up the only chair, distractedly began traveling about with it, trying the effect, first in one corner, then in another.

At this juncture Kerns, his agent, general estate manager and boyhood friend, slipped into the room on tiptoe, carefully closing the door behind him.

"*I* don't know where to put it," Smith said, pausing to settle his refractory glasses and glance suspiciously at Kerns out of pleasant, near-sighted eyes. "When they have only one chair where do they usually put it, Tommy?"

"When they get down to one chair they usually put it in the stove," said Kerns.

"What? They do? That's another point, Kerns; we've got to give them free furniture somehow; I mean for the same rent. You figure it up; cut out something or other——" He gazed vaguely about the bare walls as though contemplating their possible economic elimination. Then, he looked at the floor; but his tenants, being wingless, required something to stand on. "Could we give them bed, tables and chair, and cut out that gas range?" he suggested.

"Not unless you throw in a stove," said Kerns, trying to look serious. "And, if you do that, they'll keep their coal in the bathtubs, as before."

Smith began to remove the contents of a shabby, little trunk. First, there were shaving utensils, which he placed in a row on the unpainted washstand, then a tin pitcher and wash-basin, a cake of soap, and last, some cheap towels.

"I've a notion that I've too much crockery," he said, gazing about. "Do you think I've overdone it? I don't need two plates—do I? And all that tinware—do I? What the deuce are you grinning at?" he added, diving

"How Can You Say Such Things? D-Do You Think I'd Love an Idiot?"

into his battered trunk again and emerging with both arms full of tinware. These utensils he hung upon nails above the sink in the corner, arranging them with care.

"That's the place for pots and pans, isn't it, Kerns?" he said, backing off to observe the effect. Then, by chance, he caught sight of himself in the ninety-eight-cent mirror, and a slight flush of embarrassment rose to his cheeks.

"Do I look like a respectable man out of work?" he asked. "Tell me the truth."

"Exactly," replied Kerns; "you look like what you are—a well-meaning gentleman, permanently unemployed—and likely to remain so. In other words, dear friend, you resemble a Lulu-bird of leisure."

"Do you mean to say I look like myself?" demanded Smith innocently. "Do I seem to be made up for a part? There was an impudent conductor who called me Smith. Don't you suppose he did it in joke? And—a—a girl—who looked at me—er ——"

"Because you're a winner. Because a Smith ill dressed is half confessed; because a Smith in any other clothes would look as neat; because a Sm ——"

Smith's brows contracted, but lifelong endurance of Kerns' raillery had habituated him to disregard such gibes.

"John Abingdon," continued Kerns, "I've inspected these barracks of yours to-day because you insisted; I've met you here because you told me to; but it's all portentous and top-heavy nonsense on your part, and it's my business to say so whether it makes you fidgety and sulky or not."

"We won't start that line of discussion again," said Smith, "because, Kerns, outside of your own harmless routine, you're so densely ignorant that I am continually ashamed of you. What do you know about humanity?"

"I thought you weren't going to start that thing going," yawned Kerns.

"You started it yourself," said Smith.

"All right, then; I'll go on. Haven't I told you a thousand times that, if you are anxious to know how your tenants live, I can tell you, or any of your collectors or your brokers, or even your janitors. Every time you do a thing without my advice you mess matters. You insisted on giving them bathtubs, and they used them for coal, and I had to straighten that out by taking away their cook-stoves and substituting gas ranges and ovens. You insisted on inserting rotary ventilators in every window, and the noise of the wheels kept your tenants awake at night; and, when they don't sleep, they fight. Besides, they all caught cold, and there are a dozen enraged Hibernians suing you now. If you could only know what I know and see what I've seen ——"

"I've told you a hundred times, Tom, that I don't intend to slop over and bestow charity; but I do want to know what are my just obligations to my tenants, and how I can place them in a better position."

He was somewhat heated when he finished, and stood touching his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Toot! Toot!" said Kerns plaintively, backing toward the door. "The next stop is Chautauqua. Go it your own way, Smithy; I'm about due at the club for luncheon."

The door slammed as the wash-basin struck it; Smith glared at the dent in the woodwork, prepared to hurl the coffee-pot. But Kerns did not come back; and, after a while, he replaced the coffee-pot, searched his trunk for a collar, buttoned it to his flannel shirt, and, picking up his hat, went out into the hallway.

And there he encountered the slender girl with the blue eyes.

There was something very innocent in her confident, fearless gaze; as he passed her, lifting his hat, he bade her good-day in his pleasant voice. Her quaintly impersonal nod in acknowledgment pleased him.

"Just what I thought," he reflected, as he descended the stairs: "the poor are always nice to each other; they're frank and human, unspoiled by our asinine code of conventions. If I'd worn a top hat that girl would have looked the other way; if I'd noticed her she'd have been defiant or sullen or saucy."

And while he trudged about, purchasing groceries for his luncheon, he looked out upon the world through optimistic glasses, smiling, warm-hearted, pleased with himself and everybody he encountered.

He was hungry—it being long past his regular luncheon time—an hour from which he had not varied half a dozen times in a dozen years.

As he ascended the iron stairs of his lodging-house once more he counted over the little packages of groceries piled up in his arms—butter, salt, sugar, a bottle of milk, tea, coffee, rolls and eggs—"Probably too much," he reflected; "I'll have to go about among these people and find out what they eat—— Good Heavens! that is awful!"

In his own hallway a khamsin gust of cabbage smote him with its answer to his question, and he shuddered. He forced his door in with the point of his knee, made his way to the table and dropped the packages. Then, producing a match-box, he advanced blithely toward the gas range.

"The first thing to do is to start that exceedingly convenient machine and get action at once," he continued, turning on the gas and lighting a match. "Cooking coffee and eggs is nothing to any man who has ever camped out in the woods——"

Flash!—bang! went the gas range; and Smith executed what his office boys might have characterized as a "quick get-away."

"W-what a perfectly ghastly species of range," he stammered, "g-going off in a man's face like a t-t-ten-inch shell!" He sat down in the only chair, breathed hard, and stared at the range; then, suddenly afraid that gas might be pouring into the room, he crept toward it, lighted another match, and extended his arm like the hero touching off a magazine in the ship's hold.

Bang! repeated the gas range emphatically.

"W-well, this is a pleasant situation!" he breathed, wringing his slightly-scorched fingers. "Am I expected to fry my eggs over a volcano?"

Hesitating, he wiped his glasses, affixed them, and gazed earnestly at the range. Very gingerly he tiptoed toward it and, with a sudden dash, turned off the gas.

For a while he alternately stood in front of it and walked all around it. He looked at his coffee and eggs—he could not eat them raw. It was now long after his usual luncheon hour, and he began to feel famished.

"The trouble is that I don't know how to get the proper spark," he reflected; but, driven by necessity, he turned on the gas once more, and, lighting a match, applied it. There was no explosion this time; a bluish flame played all over the machine for a few seconds, sank, rose, subsided, and went out. In vain he lighted match after match. He got no more flame.

"This is a disgracefully-run house!" he exclaimed aloud. "It's high time I learned something about it! Here I am two hours late and can't get enough heat to cook an egg!"

Very angry, he marched out on a hunt for the janitor; but, after climbing up and down stairs and making inquiries on every landing, he had come no nearer to discovering the janitor. A gentleman named Dugan thought that the janitor might be engaged in tenpins at Bauer's popular corner resort. Smith repaired thither, but could not discover him. Another gentleman, named Clancy, emerging from the two-room apartment adjoining Smith's, came in at Smith's invitation and rubbed a flat, rough thumb up and down the range. Then he departed, scratching his head and advising further search for the janitor.

"Ye cud cook a bit an' a sup on our own range," he said, "but th' ould woman do be bilin' shirrts."

When Mr. Clancy had departed Smith spent ten more minutes tinkering with the range, growing hungrier and hungrier every second. But, hungry, angry and discouraged as he was, he obstinately refused to consider a restaurant as even a temporary solution. Once more he set off down the endless iron and concrete stairway to hunt up the janitor; and, returning unsuccessful, encountered the janitor on his own landing. The janitor was talking to the girl with the blue eyes.

"Please don't let me interrupt you," said Smith; "it's only that I can't work my range."

"You are not interrupting," said the girl with the blue eyes. "My ceiling is beginning to fall, that is all."

"I'll have that attended to at once!" exclaimed Smith, forgetting his rôle of tenant—"that is," he added, in confusion, "the janitor will notify M—the agent. You will, won't you?" he continued, turning to the janitor, whose face had been growing redder and redder as he grew madder and madder.

"Where do you think you are?" he demanded. "In the Waldorf? An' who do you think you are, young man? John D.? or the Dutch Emperor? Or do you think you're J. Abingdon Smith, the owner of this here plant, because you look like his grandfather's hired man?"

"Not at all," said Smith, turning red. "I had no intention of interfering."

"Well, you go and sit on your range and keep it warm till I get a gas-fitter, see!" growled the janitor; "an' mebbe he'll fix it to-night," he said, looking back malevolently over his shoulder as he descended the stairs, "an' mebbe he'll fix it next month. You mind your business, young man, an' I'll mind yours."

Smith, tingling all over, looked after him, but his anger passed with a shrug and a short laugh as he realized that the rebuke had been in a fashion his own fault.

He had made a step across the hallway toward his own room when he remembered the girl with the blue eyes.

"I'm sorry I caused any unpleasantness," he said. "I hope the janitor won't visit his petty tyranny on you."

"I don't think he will; I—Can't you make your range burn properly?"

"No," he said, smiling. "It blew up three times and now it has retired from active business. I believe it has become permanently extinct."

"Perhaps," she ventured, "you are not accustomed to gas ranges. Are you?"

"No, but I've got to learn to manage them if I'm to do any cooking." He thought she meant to speak again, but, as she said no more, he turned to his own door. Behind him a hesitating voice began:

"You may use my range to cook on—until your own is repaired, if you wish ——"

"Did You Ever Hear of Stanley Stevens, Who Tried to Corner Wheat?"

"That's awfully nice of you," he said, gratefully surprised. "I've only a couple of eggs to fry—or boil—and a little coffee, but I didn't like to ask you ——"

"You didn't. *I* asked *you*," she said. "You are quite welcome." And, as he still hesitated: "I really don't mind," she said. "I can take my work somewhere else while you are cooking."

"No, no," he protested, beginning to realize the inconvenience he was causing her; but she nodded impatiently and, stepping back into her room, began to gather up into a writing portfolio a mass of scattered papers.

A few moments later he appeared in the open doorway, his arms piled high with the paper packages containing groceries. She looked up at him, her hands full of inky papers. Unbidden laughter was sparkling in her blue eyes.

"The range is ready," she said, schooling her voice. "You may begin at once. I shall be gone in a second." And she began to rummage furiously among the papers.

Sidelong glances she could not help casting at his culinary preparations. She saw him ruin two eggs, and hid her face in the table drawer where she was searching for that elusive something.

"No use trying to fry those eggs," he observed, gazing at the disintegrating yolks.

"You could scramble them," she suggested, raising her pretty head. Her face was delicately flushed; a bright strand of hair, loosened, fell like a tendril across one pink cheek.

"To scramble an egg," he said slowly, as though attempting to recall some intricate evolution in cookery—"To *scramble* an egg, you stir it round and round, I believe."

"And to scramble two eggs," she said almost hysterically, "you stir them both round and round."

"But," he added thoughtfully, "*how* to get them into the pan. I suppose one pours them in ——"

"Don't! Please don't! You have put no butter in yet," she said; but he had already poured a spoonful into the pan, where it began to char and sputter and smoke.

She laid aside her portfolio and papers, removed the smoking pan, scraped it, tinkered with it, and then, preparing it properly, poured in the remainder of the eggs.

"It's awfully good of you. I'm ashamed of myself," he muttered; "but, please—*please* don't mind about the coffee. I can do that, I'm sure."

"It will take only a moment," she said. "You are not accustomed to—to—gas ranges, I see."

Before he knew it his modest luncheon was ready. She swept the papers from the table, threw over it a white square of linen, and placed his luncheon under his mortified eyes.

"It will get cold if you attempt to carry it back to your room. You are quite welcome to eat it here, believe me. My range may fail me some day and I may have to beg a little fire at your door."

"You shall have oceans of it!" he cried gratefully.

"Thank you; and, please, begin. I am on my way out."

"Am I driving you away? I know I am ——"

"No, really you are not. I work out-of-doors all I can. I was going out as soon as the janitor came to examine my ceiling." She raised her pretty eyes; he looked aloft.

"It's a leak," he said. "I'll have it fi—— I mean I'll tell the jan—— What I do mean," he said, "is that somebody ought to have it fixed."

"I think so, too," she said demurely, gathering up her portfolio and papers. At the door-sill she halted:

"But—but how—but who is going to lock my door?" she asked.

"Oh, I'd better take my luncheon into my own room."

"No, no. Please sit down again. Please do so now! I can leave my key with you if you are going to be here."

He thought to himself, charmed, what touching confidence the poor have in each other's honesty.

She drew from her purse the door-key and laid it beside his plate.

"If I don't hear you in the hallway, will you please knock?" he asked.

"I think you had better leave the key with the janitor," she said; then, thinking further along the same line: "or perhaps you had better hide it." She stepped back into the hallway and looked all around; but no plausible hiding-place presented itself. Then she gazed at him.

"I might leave it with my neighbor, Mrs. Clancy," he said with rare intelligence.

"No," she said with her pretty, fearless smile, "I will knock at your door and ask for it."

She was gone before he could rise again.

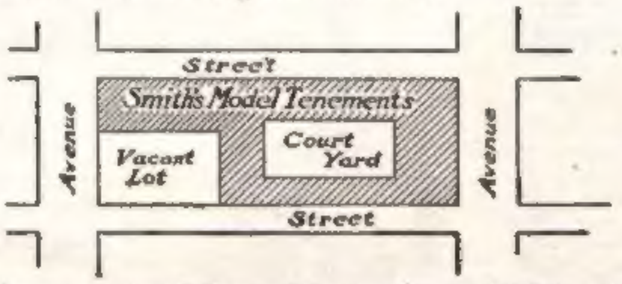
When he had finished he washed the dishes and did it thoroughly, restoring each to its shelf. His remaining groceries and his own tinware he carried into his own habitation, came back and locked her door, and then, lighting his pipe, began to prowl about the corridors.

Presently, he fished out a pad and pencil, and, squatting down on the stairway, made some notes concerning the use of steel for door sills and frames, and tiles or tesselated floors to replace the already worn and dirty planks of Southern pine.

"First of all, plenty of ventilation," he murmured. "Next, cleanliness; next light. . . . I—I've a mind to complete the entire block—put up a big, square tower on that vacant lot—a big, clean, airy tower, ten stories—sixteen—twenty, by jingo!"

"A Hundred and Twenty Dollars is Enough for Anybody to Marry on. Don't—You Think So?"

He seized his pad with enthusiasm and drew a plan of the block which he owned with the present model tenements on it and showing the vacant lot:



There were no windows giving on the vacant lot—nothing but blank brick walls.

"That's what I'll do," he thought. "I'll have my own way for once. I'll plan and design and build an absolutely beautiful and sanitary tower with a hundred rooms and two elevators in it, and Kerns can laugh if he wants to. What these people need is light and air—cheap light and cheap air. I'll just go down and take a look at that lot."

He pocketed pad and pencil, seized his hat, and, locking his door on the outside, ran down the stairs.

"You can't go into that lot," said the janitor. "No tenants ain't allowed in there by orders of Mr. Kerns."

"Well, can't I just look at it?"

"No," said the janitor. "An' lemme tell you something else. If you an' me is goin' to gee you'd better do less buttin' in an' less runnin' up an' down stairs. You butt in an' you run around like you was the Dutch Emp'ror. Say, what are you lookin' for anyhow? If you're a spotter, say so; I ain't worryin'. If you're just loony you're in the wrong hotel."

"But, my good fellow ——"

"Forget it!" retorted the janitor wrathfully. "*Your* good fellow! Look here, Percy, I ain't your good fellow, nor I ain't your dear old college chum, an' no buttin' in goes. See?"

"I'm not attempting to offend you!" exclaimed Smith desperately.

"That's all right, too," said the janitor unconvinced. "You seen me talkin' to Miss Stevens an' you make a play like you owned the buildin'. 'Here, me good man,' sez you, 'fix this an' fix that, an' be d——d quick about it, too,' sez you ——"

"I didn't!" retorted Smith indignantly; "at least I didn't mean to say ——"

"What *you* are," interrupted the janitor deliberately, "God knows an' I don't. You may be makin' phony stuff up there fur all I know."

"What's phony stuff?" demanded Smith, getting hotter.

"Look into the dictionary, Clarence," retorted the janitor, and slammed the door of his office in Smith's face.

"That man," thought Smith to himself as he started up the stairs, "is a singularly impudent man, but he's probably faithful enough. I shall not do anything about it. But I wish I could get into my vacant lot."

The remainder of the afternoon he spent drawing magnificently unbuildable plans for his tower.

Then, he pulled his chair out into the fire-escape and sat there through the sunset hour and into the smoky June twilight.

Suddenly, as he sat there, dreaming, a faint sound at his door brought him to his feet and into the room.

"I *beg* your pardon," he said. "I was out on the fire-escape. *Did* you knock more than once?"

"It doesn't matter," she said, smiling under the shadow of her big straw hat and taking her key from him.

"I'm terribly sorry," he repeated, "and I really am very grateful for letting me cook on your range——"

"Is yours fixed yet?" she asked diffidently.

"By George!" he said. "I'd forgotten that! But it doesn't matter," he added, determined to dine on the remainder of his rolls and milk, for he simply would not begin by running to a restaurant at the first mishap.

She hesitated, not knowing whether again to offer her salt and fire; then, finding it too difficult, she said "Good-night" in a low voice, and crossed the hallway to her own abode. And there she sat down, fair face tense, gaze concentrated on space, her big straw hat still on her head, her portfolio and papers in her lap.

Minutes ticked away on the little nickel alarm clock. She pondered on, and, sometimes, her straight, delicate brows contracted, and, sometimes, her teeth worried the edge of her lower lip; and once she smiled and lifted her eyes as though she could see through her closed door into his room across the hall.

After that she rose, made her toilet, cooked her own supper; and when, at length, the dishes had been laid away and her pretty hands rinsed, carefully examined and soothed with glycerine and cream of almonds—luxuries she preferred to a varied menu—she laid a pile of yellow manuscript paper on her table, and, dipping her pen into the ink, began to scribble like mad. For, at last, her chance in life had come.

Meanwhile, Smith, doggedly munching his buttered rolls, drank his milk and considered plans for doing good to his tenants without either injuring their self-respect or bankrupting himself.

"Buy up block after block, cover 'em with handsome sanitary tenements, with a big, grassy court and a fountain

in the middle—that's the decent and self-respecting way to invest one's surplus! That's the only way a rich man can keep his own respect and administer his stewardship. I'd be ashamed to make any more money! I won't! I'd be ashamed to keep what I have if I didn't use the income to help somebody. Clean, airy, sunny homes—within the means of the poorest working-people! It can be done without making it a charity. It's got to be done. I'm going to build that tower—if my janitor ever lets me into the lot——"

After he had completed his ablutions and was ready for bed he stood a moment at the open window looking out over the city.

"That girl—she was *very* nice to me. . . . I've the oddest notion that I've seen her before . . . somewhere. Wonderfully—ah—decorative—her eyes—a graceful way of—er—moving."

He lay down on his bed and pulled up the sheet.

A few minutes later he murmured drowsily: "Build handsome tower—spite of Kerns. . . . Nobody pay rent. . . . 'Strordinary eyes that girl . . . pretty blue—very blue for—a—a girl. . . . 'Strordinary rot I'm talking. . . . G'night, Smith; . . night!"

II

THE next morning a pessimistic gas-fitter repaired Smith's range. That night it blew up again. Two days later it was again in commission, then remained quiescent for a week. After that the range worked fitfully, intimidating Smith until it had him so thoroughly cowed that he never attempted to light it except with the match inserted in the end of a broom-handle. Between the range and the cookery he was almost famished.

However, it was a matter of too little importance to disturb him in his purpose; the days were full days indeed, no matter how empty he went. Hour after hour he sat cramped over the table, drawing impossible plans and elevations for the completion of his model tenements. Hour after hour he tramped the hot streets in search of likely sites for further philanthropic operations.

Almost every morning and evening he was sure to encounter his blue-eyed neighbor on the landing or stairs; and, after a while, he began to spend a few minutes of the day in looking forward to these brief meetings.

Matters were not going very well with his blue-eyed neighbor; but he didn't know it. Her work, always precarious and dependent on the whims of several underpaid people, was not sufficient to keep her very well nourished during the hot months of midsummer. She defaulted on the July payment for her small piano, and they took it away. The little desk went later; an armchair followed.

Alone in her room, palely considering the why and wherefore of the disagreeable, she invariably almost fell a prey to temptation; but, so far, the victory had remained with her. Temptation came when somebody refused her work or when somebody removed an article of furniture for nonpayment of the installment due, and the temptation confronted her in the shape of a packet of yellow manuscript.

She was the author of the manuscript; it lay in a drawer of her table.

Sometimes, when they frightened her by giving her no work or by lugging off a chair, she would sit down, white and desperate, and take out her manuscript and read it through.

She knew where she could place it in an hour. She had been promised a permanent position on the strength of just such work. It was well done, of its sort. It fairly bristled with double-leaded headlines; it was yellow enough for the yellowist—a beat, a "scoop," a story that would be copied in every newspaper of the country. The title of it was "A Millionaire in Disguise." The subject, Smith. She had only to show it to the city editor who had promised to take her on the first time she displayed any ability. All she had to do was to tuck the yellow sheets under her arm and start downtown, and that would end all this removing of furniture and scarcity of food-stuffs—all this sleeplessness, this perplexed dismay—all these heavy-hearted journeys to the offices of the fashion papers where sometimes she was paid for her articles on domestic affairs and sometimes not.

After these experiences she usually returned to the temptation of her yellow manuscript, read it through, wept a little, cast it from her into the table drawer once more, and buried her face in her slim hands. Later, she usually dried her eyes, hurriedly gathered up her papers and portfolio, and, locking the door on the outside, descended to the cellar.

In this profound crypt a small iron door and a few stone steps ascending permitted her access to the vacant lot which the janitor had forbidden Smith to enter. And here she was accustomed to sit in the long, rank grass under a big ailanthus tree, writing for the fashion papers, to which she contributed such predigested pabulum as the weak-minded might assimilate. In this manner she paid for lodging, board and almond cream.

Meanwhile, she was growing shyer and more formal with Smith when they chanced to meet on stairs or landing. Beginning with the politely pleasant exchange of a few words concerning the initial episode which had excused their acquaintance, they had ventured on a little laughter at his expense—a shade less of the impersonal. But, little by little, the pretty, fearless gaze which he found so attractive changed to something more reserved and far less expressive. Her laughter, always edging lips and eyes, her untroubled voice with its winningly careless sweetness, changed too. He noticed this. Sometimes he wondered whether she was quite well. He had been aware from the first that she did not belong in her surroundings any more than did he, and at times he speculated on the subject, wondering what crumbling of her social and financial fabric had landed her here on her own resources, stranded along the outer edges of things.

One scorching day he had been drawing an elevation for his tower, which partook impartially of the worst in both Manhattan, Gothic and Chinese architecture—a new crinkle in his theory being that the poor had a right to the best in art, and that they should have it in spite of Kerns. For an hour he had been trying to estimate the cost of such a masterpiece, and had grown cross and discouraged in the effort.

July was fast going. August already had been discounted by the monthly magazines; he had purchased one which contained an article on concrete construction, and, tired of his sweltering room, he put on his hat, pocketed the magazine and went out to seek a bit of shade in Central Park.

As he passed his neighbor's door he glanced at it, a trifle wistfully. He had not seen her now for nearly a week. He actually missed her, even though now she seldom seemed to have the leisure or inclination to chat with him.

The last time, he reflected, that they had exchanged a dozen words, he had, lured by her receptively intelligent attitude, drifted into an almost enthusiastic dissertation upon model lodgings for the poor. He had kept her standing before her door for almost half an hour while he, forgetting everything except the subject and the acquiescence of his audience, had aired his theories with a warmth and brilliancy which later it slightly astonished him to remember.

Since that they had exchanged scarcely a word. And now, as he passed her door, he looked wistfully at it, thinking of his slender neighbor.

And, thinking of her, he descended the stairs, and, still immersed in this agreeable revery, he did not notice that he had passed the ground floor and was descending the cellar stairs, until he came to in front of an iron door. This seemed unfamiliar. He took out his handkerchief to rub his glasses, looked around at the furnaces and coal bins, passed his hand over his eyes, replaced the glasses, gazed at the iron door which was partly ajar, and caught a glimpse of green grass outside.

"I'll bet that's my vacant lot," he said aloud, and, opening the door, he ascended the stone steps into his own property.

There was green grass everywhere; south and west a high board fence; north and east the brick, windowless, rearward cliffs of the tenements; in the middle of the lot an ailanthus tree in full foliage.

And, under it, a young girl lying in the grass, her wide straw hat hanging from a leafy branch above. Even before he stirred in his tracks she sat up, instinctively looking across the grass at him. It was his duty to make his excuses and go. But, for almost the first time in his life, he deliberately neglected duty.

"So *this* is where you come every day to work out-of-doors!" he exclaimed, smiling, as he halted beside her where she remained, seated in the grass, looking up at him.

There was color in her face and in his, too. He had had absolutely no idea how pleasant it could be to meet his neighbor again after so many days—seven in number—but a great many all the same.

Then he told her, laughingly, how he came to discover the cellar door that led to Paradise. "Paradise," he repeated; "for, you see, the Tree of Ten Thousand Dreams is here. Did you know that the ailanthus tree is the Chinese Tree of Paradise—the fabled Tree of Dreams? Have you never heard of the Feng-Shui? Dragons live deep in the earth among the tree roots. You didn't know that, did you?"

"No," she said, smiling, "I didn't know that."

He looked at her. Her manner was not very cordial, and he decided not to ask permission to seat himself just yet. But he had nothing in particular to say to her and he was very anxious to say it.

"The Fung-Hwang also perches in the branches of the Dream Tree," he continued, for lack of a better topic; "it's an imperial as well as a celestial tree. Are you interested in Chinese mythology? If you are not, it's all right, because I am interested in anything you like."

She looked up at the foliage above her. "It *is* a curious tree," she said. "In early June these branches were full of great olive and rose colored moths, enormous ones, flopping about at sunset like big, soft bats. In the daytime they hung to the leaves and bark, wings wide—such beautiful, such miraculous wings—set with silvery quarter-moons!"

She raised both hands to the nape of her neck to smooth and secure her hair—a most fascinating gesture, he thought, watching her seated there in the grass, slim and graceful as the lovely lotus-bearing goddess, Kwan-Yin.

"Silvery quarter-moons," she repeated, "and now, look! The silver has changed into metal pendants!" She pointed upward where, among the foliage, shining, white cocoons swung from silk-wound stems, each wrapped in its single green leaf.

"Wonderful fairy fruit your Tree of Dreams bears!" he said. "And how thickly it hangs! I don't know much about such things. I was inclined to be fond of all that until I read some modern Nature books. So I fell back on real myths again."

She began to laugh and, meeting in her eyes all the old-time friendliness, he ventured to ask if he might seat himself.

"Yes," she said gravely, "but I must be going."

"Then I don't care to stay here," he said, unprepared to hear himself utter any

(Continued on Page 33)

"The Range is Ready," She Said

THE SIAMESE CAT

By HENRY MILNER RIDEOUT

"Love Me, Love My Dog," Said Owen Suddenly, Looking Up. "That Holds, Even with a Siamese Cat. Laura . . ."

CHAPTER VI

AT BREAKFAST, the captain's presence forbade explanation regarding the cat and its collar. Three times, in the shore-going sampan, Aunt Julia herself forbade it in good set terms. Clasping Chao Phya beside her on the thwart, she sat as upright as her parasol.

"But I *must* tell you," urged Owen desperately. "You don't know the risk. That cat's collar has a ——"

"Our luggage is all that I need trouble you about," she interrupted, frowning. "Please understand, Mr. Scarlett, that unless this silly and unfortunate subject is dropped I shall be seriously displeased."

Her frigid air, her careful choice of words, and, above all, a stealthy glance from her niece, warned him that this prim little matron could prove a Tartar.

"Have it your own way, then," he reflected. "Whatever else happens, I must keep in favor at court."

It amused him to think of what a secret she had robbed herself. On the other hand, he was chafing for a look inside Chao Phya's middle bell. Neither in sampan nor in gharri could he pass the word to Laura; and hardly were they alighted at their hotel when hateful strangers encountered them, and, hailing the Holborows as old friends, carried them off in a victoria. Owen, left alone once more, with directions to forward their trunks to the strangers' house, watched that victoria depart, and found it, from twinkling wheels to jingling chains, from snowy turbans to polished hoofs, a needless and loathsome apparition.

His instructions, however, he followed faithfully; and, when leaving the courier's pay with the Eurasian clerk, ordered that whoever might call for it should not be told the whereabouts of the Holborows.

Next day, coming back to his room, he found Borkman seated in his best long-chair, smoking calmly, though with an aspect black and lowering.

"I like your cheek," began Owen; but the other leapt upright and opened fire:

"Don't give a hang what you like. I've come here to ask you just one question: Where's the cat, or where's my property?"

"In my keeping," replied Scarlett promptly. "Stowed safely where you won't see either of them."

"Knew you'd say that," sneered the courier. "Now listen. If you know as much as you appear to, you'll know enough to give up that—that thing. Leave it for me at the Chartered Bank by to-morrow noon, or whoever has it will be—in a mess, that's all!"

"That's all, then," assented Scarlett. "Good-day."

"I'm not joking," began Borkman.

"Nor am I. Do you remember," asked Owen, "what happened in that club at Cebu? It's going shortly to happen in this doorway, unless you go."

Scowling, the courier looked back over his shoulder from the threshold: "I've served fair notice. Don't imagine I'm tamely going to give it up to that little flapper of yours. She'd better look ——"

Scarlett ran two steps toward him, and shot out his right foot with the skill of an old drop-kicker. It would have scored an accurate goal. With a shout of rage, the big man wheeled; but Scarlett's guard was up, and at that instant a squad of newly-arrived Dutch planters waddled round the corner of the veranda.

"Won't take you on to-day, my boy!" laughed Borkman ostentatiously. "Some other time we'll fight it out, eh? Chin-chin!" He swaggered off, waving gay farewells before the staring audience of crop-headed Batavians.

This episode made Owen far more cheerful. The kick, though he knew it had only further enraged an enemy, left him aglow with satisfaction. It was pleasant, also, to know that Borkman considered him still as the guardian of Chao Phya. He deferred his note of explanation to Laura. "No need yet," he decided, "of stirring them up." The courier's threat he disregarded; and the next day, with the appointed noon, passed in tranquil succession of black, splashing showers and aching glare.

On the next morning, however, as he lay smoking in the main veranda, a Chinese boy brought news at which his heart leapt. A lady wished to see him, and wild hope told him it might be Laura.

On reaching the carriage archway he found a strange face smiling at him from the gharri window. A pretty and alluring face—even to his disappointed vision: Italian in the darkness of the cheeks, Parisian both in the quickness of the black eyes and in the pointed, piquant contour, it was lively and mischievous as a kitten's.

"Is zees Mr. Scarlett?" she asked, with a smile at once dangerous and engaging. As she leaned forward, the stranger showed trim and youthful shoulders; one sleeve of her shapely white jacket was ringed with the black band of perfunctory mourning.

"My friend Mrs. Hol-bo-row," laughed the stranger merrily. "She has sent me to ask a so fonny question! It is zees, 'Haf you ze cat?' Is not zat droll! 'Haf you ze cat?'"

"Has she lost him already?" cried Owen in consternation. Next instant he could have bitten off his tongue. Suppose this joyful young woman had come from Borkman? Her next words, however, reassured him.

"No, no!" Her laugh was a mere delight. "Zat is a miss-take. You must pardon me. My home is not long in Singapore, but many years in Mauritius. I spik ze English tongue so ver' badly. But see. I vould *not* haf said, 'Haf you ze cat?' I vould say, 'Vill you ze cat?'—Zat is it."

She handed him an open envelope.

"Here is Mrs. Hol-bo-row's letter. But I must ask you first, it sounded a so fonny question!"

Owen drew out the letter:

Dear Mr. Scarlett:

I have a favor to ask of you. Will you kindly take charge once more of this wretched pet of Laura's? It seems foolish to ask, but recent events make me think it really unwise for us to keep it.

We are spending the day with Mrs. Fargueil, who will give you this note, and who joins us in begging that if possible you will come to tiffin with us. Laura and I have much to say to you, especially in explaining the apparent absurdity of our request.

Yours sincerely,
JULIA HOLBOROW.

Flamboyer Villa,
Thursday Morning.

"You vill come to ze tiffin?" begged Mrs. Fargueil, smiling radiantly. "Ah, zat is so näice! I send zees carriage for you, a little after noon." Her parting glance was so lustrous as to border on coquetry.

"That is a gay bird for Aunt Julia to flock with," thought Owen. "Glad she's getting reasonable, at last, about Chao Phya. I wonder what has happened?" The more he studied the letter, the more plainly he saw that Aunt Julia had had a fright.

The carriage called for him promptly, in such a drenching equatorial downpour as made him keep the shutters closed. Between the slats he could catch glimpses only of pink roads flooded, pools lashed with upward-leaping drops, and now and then the stout, sallow calves of a *rickshaw* coolie splashing past on the jog-trot. He was nearing the outskirts of the city, in the general direction, as he guessed, of the impounding reservoir, when the carriage swerved between gate-posts, followed the long curve of a drive, thick set with dripping shrubbery, and stopped beneath the white arches of a veranda. Substantial but damp-stained, Flamboyer Villa—to judge from a hurried glance—stood in a dense little wilderness of tropical greenery. A white-bearded *durwan*, Biblical in robes and turban, salaamed gravely at the foot of the stairs.

Owen mounted gayly, hoping to see Laura at the head; but the veranda was empty. A table with a tray of bottles stood near the rail. Except for this and a few rattan chairs, the place was meagrely furnished; the pillars were patched with rusty mould; and, missing the swing of the *punkah*, Owen looked upward to find the bare ropes dangling.

"Pardon ze ap-pear-ance," said a soft voice behind him. The lady from Mauritius, smiling mischief, stepped forward into the veranda. "It is all in ver' great dee-ordre, is it not? Ve are pre-paring for ze paint.

"Oh, I am forgetting," she cried in arch dismay. "Mrs. Hol-bo-row, she vould spik wiz you before ze tiffin."

With what, in Anglo-Saxon glances, would have been an ogle, she led Scarlett within the house again, and held aside the curtain from a doorway.

"In here, please," she cooed. "Mrs. Hol-bo-row comes directly. Pardon ze darkness—zese mees-er-able clouds!"

She vanished with a look which made the young man consider. "By George, she *is* pretty. But if she weren't Aunt Julia's friend, I'd say she almost made eyes at people."

He stumbled into a chair. The room was black as midnight, damp and airless; he could neither see nor feel the stir of any *punkah*. Gradually, as he sat in this funereal darkness, the two windows glowed brighter, till a faint yellow gleam told of sunshine without—faint, because heavy green reed curtains, barred with wide vertical stripes, thickly veiled both windows. Through them glimmered the white columns of the veranda, a few slim, vermilion shafts of sealing-wax palm, and, on the trees that gave their name to the villa, broad burgeonings of arterial red.

He waited a long time. The sepulchral air of the room, the dead silence marked by the tiny scratchings of lizards on the plaster, disquieted him strangely. "Aunt Julia takes her time," he thought. The more his eyesight cleared in the dusk, the less inviting loomed his surroundings. The few draperies lighted by the dim glow took on a tawdry look; the knickknacks were common Japanese bazar stuff; and the scragged plants stood in Chinese pots of the cheapest ware. From the table he caught up a paper to flap as a fan. The frontispiece looked familiar; the heading . . . it was a Graphic nearly two years old.

Misgiving seized him: something was wrong with this house. His watch showed that he had waited half an hour. He stepped toward the entrance, pulled aside the curtain, and bumped against a smooth door of heavy teak-wood—closed and locked.

Disgust was his chief emotion: he had proved such an easy fool. "This charmer from Mauritius," he thought

savagely, "first she pumped me, then had me walk into her parlor—or Borkman's. I wonder what for—especially as the windows are open."

He crossed the room, thrust sharply outward at the heavy reed "chicks," and nearly broke a finger. What had seemed vertical bands on the curtain were iron bars, newly set in, with all the neat solidity of Chinese workmanship. Even as he rose from a vain attempt to loosen them, past the window glided the noiseless figure of a brown Malay, from whose waist-knot stuck the handle of a *kriss*. It was a stout trap, and well watched.

Vexed with surmise, he went back to his chair and waited. Borkman, it was plain, had worked methodically. "First he claps me in jail here. What's the next move?" Evidently it would be against the Holborows. In vague and conflicting anxiety, he outwatched the drowsy afternoon.

At last the floor above creaked stealthily. In the upper chamber voices murmured. Without a sound, Owen climbed on the table, stood upright, listened.

"But he is just below!" expostulated a sprightly voice. The lady from Mauritius had lost her foreign accent. "It will not do."

"Have to," grumbled a surly bass. It was unmistakably Borkman. "Do you suppose . . . afford to hire every villa in Singapore? . . . *must* be in here. Where else? . . . Nonsense! . . . Let him shout, then; . . . no one within quarter of a mile; . . . troublesome, I'll jolly soon stop his mouth. . . . And another thing, Justine, . . . do the respectable better than you did. . . . I saw you . . . can't stop making eyes at the men. . . . No! rot! . . . I tell you it must be in here. . . ."

The grumble died away; furniture grated lightly along the floor just over Scarlett's head; and then cautious footsteps departed.

The voices had sounded so clear that Owen looked up involuntarily; and now for the first time he saw that the discolored whiteness overhead was no plaster, but a ceiling-cloth stretched taut over the beams.

"Hello!" he muttered, "if only . . . It's a bare chance." Whipping down from the table, he seized the tallest chair in the room—a solid piece of Chinese carving, cheaply inlaid—and lifted it to the table. Then, climbing upon this, and gripping a loose end of *punkah* rope that dangled from a hook, he slashed away with his big clasp-knife two good square yards of cloth. The cross-beams showed, over two feet apart. Enveloped in trailing strips of mouldy cloth, he stabbed upward at the floor-boards; then grunted in disappointment, for the knife-blade stopped short in seasoned wood, hard as iron.

"Take all night for it, then," he thought, and jabbed again and again doggedly.

Suddenly the blade ran up, as through cheese, the hilt jarred softly home, and his hand was powdered with dry dust. "White ants!" he whispered, rejoicing. A few slashes carved out a long, meandering slit from beam to beam. The rest held firm, but here was a lucky start.

Peering up through the hole, he could discern only obscure light, beneath some smooth, dark surface which he could not explain. He paused for breath, tangled his left wrist thoroughly in the *punkah* rope, and began to whittle along the slit. Stubborn shavings, one by one, fell past him to the floor. Sweat coursed down him, from forehead to ankles.

Night came on, but still he worked steadily, fingering the invisible edges. At last he could feel that of one wide board there remained only a strip at either side. These he was about to risk the noise of breaking, when the crunch of carriage wheels sounded in the driveway, brisk feet mounted the stairs, and, to his dismay, voices murmured overhead, as if at the door of the room. A bright shaft of lamplight slanted down through the gap, and then, to the creak of footsteps that seemed to trample the very edges of the hole, became unaccountably obscured.

"It's all up," he thought, and hung by the wrist, waiting in despair. The sounds again retreated, the neat tread of a single pair of feet, though in his confusion he had seemed to hear two persons entering. He waited anxiously. At the long-forgotten memory of hanging thus on straps in crowded cars, he felt a foolish desire to laugh. Presently the carriage wheels crunched away again into the distance. The chamber above remained silent. Nothing happened. Half an hour must have passed.

The Signature, "Owen Scarlett," Was a Capital Forgery

"Here goes, anyway," he decided, and tugged at one of the whittled edges. It snapped faintly, splintered, came down. He waited, then pulled at the other, which broke with an alarming crack. Cutting his wrist-rope, and seizing the new borders, he swung like a gymnast, kicked violently, and with a wrench of muscles surged up through the hole.

A sharp blow on the head dazed him. Some one gave a little shriek. He rolled over, expecting the next stroke of the same bludgeon to brain him, and found himself a-sprawl beneath a table on which a lamp still dangerously tottered.

Bolt upright in a chair, as if Medusa were to make a formal call, Aunt Julia glared at him with a Gorgon face of unbelief and wrath. She was the first to break their frozen stupefaction.

"Please explain, Mr. Scarlett. Why, after writing that incomprehensible letter, why have you kept me waiting while you lurked under a table?"

"I—I came up through the floor, you know," he stammered, prostrate and guilty.

"Then your conduct is even more incredible." The little matron bristled. "If you are given to practical jokes ——"

"Ssh!" warned Scarlett, regaining at once his feet and his presence of mind. "Please whisper!"

"I shall do nothing of the sort," she declared, in clear tones and penetrating. "Whisper, indeed! Unless you have taken leave of your senses, you will explain everything at once."

"Please, please," whispered Owen imploringly, "not so loud. It isn't safe. What *did* I write to you?"

"This, of course," replied Aunt Julia. With an air of patient contempt, she drew from her pocket a letter. He darted with it to the lamp. A good imitation of his own handwriting, it begged Mrs. Holborow to meet him that evening at Flamboyer Villa, to discuss privately "a matter of the gravest importance." He skimmed it, frowning. "Every reason to believe . . . serious danger to you and Miss Holborow . . . cannot explain in writing . . . absurd as it may seem, absolutely *imperative* that you bring the Siamese cat . . . shall send my *gharri* for you promptly . . . under no circumstances mention this to any one . . . not responsible for consequences . . ." The signature, "Owen Scarlett," was a capital forgery.

"Where is he?" asked the young man.

"Who, please?" inquired Mrs. Holborow, with the same cold, weary patience.

"The cat," he explained. The word stung her into animation.

"That!" she exclaimed. "Really, that, Mr. Scarlett, was a length to which I could not go. No cat, or other dumb animal, could be necessary for any discussion whatsoever. It was folly enough to come here at all ——"

"You left him behind?" cried Scarlett incautiously. "Good! Good!" With joy, he pictured Borkman raging; but on the heels of that thought followed another which startled him. Borkman would not give up so easily—and Chao Phya was now with Laura.

"We must get out of here." He spoke with curt conviction. "I never wrote this letter. The man you discharged has concocted it. He brought me here first, by forging this note from you."

With a growing flush at her outraged identity, Aunt Julia scanned the invitation to tiffin.

"No, indeed," he assured her. "Of course you never wrote it. It fooled me, however. They locked me into the room below, to keep the coast clear for deceiving you. I broke jail—there." He pointed to the pool of darkness under the table. "Borkman is a dangerous man, and his next move he'll make against your niece. The carriage drove off immediately after you came—without Chao Phya. We'd best make for home at once—if we can get out."

"By all means," replied Aunt Julia. Though her flush gave way to pallor, she rose, quiet and ready, a prim little mistress of her feelings.

Their captors had counted on bewilderment, in a lonely house of unknown environs, to keep the second prisoner secure; for the room was not so much as curtained from the long corridor. They stole out, crept down the stairs, stopped, gave ear to the dead silence, crept down again safely to the veranda floor. By the newel-post sprawled a Malay, drugged with sleep. Through the bare hall a cool evening draft bullied the flame of the hanging lamps; the strip of matting rose along the floor; except for the sedate, humdrum figure of Aunt Julia, their escape recalled the flight of the fabled lovers on Saint Agnes' Eve. Downstairs again to the doorway they stole, past another sleeping Malay, and so out, free of the arches, free of the dim lamplight on the gravel.

A voice shouted—the *durwan* was giving the alarm. "Run!" cried Scarlett. He caught the swish of reefing skirts, and there beside him bounded Aunt Julia, with the speed, if not the grace, of Atalanta. They raced together through the blurred shadows of tropic starlight. As the ghostly form of the gate-post shot behind, a hard patter of bare feet followed them, gaining.

The highway, over-arched, ran to their left as black as a tunnel. To their right, far off, the orange radiance of a street lamp lighted a dim fringe of theatric green. He seized his companion, swung her over the ditch and, pinning her against the outer face of the compound wall, whispered fiercely: "Quiet! Let them pass us!"

Three shapes, breathing hard, swept by toward the light.

"Now, then!" he whispered; and facing about, led the way into the darkness opposite. They stole ahead, stopped, listened, hurried on again, caught suddenly, to the right, another distant gleam, and plunged toward it, down a soggy lane. Already they could see the black column of the lamp-post and the flat shine of a paved road, when once more the pursuing feet pattered down the lane behind them. Spurting headlong, the two emerged on a broad, well-lighted road. A stone's

"Past Three-Quarters," Said Borkman. He Raised the Eloquent Cold Muzzle. "Feel Like Saying Anything?"

throw along it, like a row of stationary fireflies, twinkled the lanterns of a *rickshaw* stand. Instantly, the two nearest *rickshaws* wheeled out, came trundling to meet the fugitives. The coolies dropped their brass-bound shafts; Scarlett lifted Aunt Julia to one seat, and shouting "Scott Road!" swung into the other; then, as the coolies caught their balance and jogged off, he saw, over his shoulder, three Malays dart from the mouth of the lane and stand at fault.

It was pleasant—with the grateful breath of motion cooling his cheeks—to jog homeward down the humid vista of overhanging foliage, or under the starry marvel of open sky. Yet Owen's thoughts tugged forward. If Laura should be safe, then their luck held. If not—but he clenched his fists against that uncertainty.

Beside the gate into which their coolies veered stood a carriage. Through the window, as they spun past, Owen saw the white figure of a single occupant. Next moment he had leapt from the *rickshaw* and run forward; for toward them, down the carriageway, his eyes green fire against their lanterns, raced Chao Phya, back arched, tail hoisted, like a galloping monkey. The beast wavered, stopped, crouched, dodged, and with long, stealing steps began to slink aside to the croton shadows. Owen caught him up and, sprinting, forged alongside Aunt Julia's *rickshaw*.

In the road ahead, at the verge of the lantern-glow, a bulky white shape struggled to rise from the gravel. Above it, a smaller man, with an under-swing outrageously swift and violent, struck twice and thrice, seemed to wrench his fist away, turned. The slant eyes of Ho Kong blinked at the nearing lights. Then the blade of his knife gleamed as he dived into black leafage. The kneeling figure lurched to its feet, rose; and in a drunken stagger, Borkman reeled past, his white tunic badged with blood.

"Giles! Giles!" screamed a woman's voice at the gate.

Scarlett, transfixed, stared into the darkness, turned to speak, and found the *rickshaw* coolie trotting on as though nothing had occurred. He overtook Aunt Julia at the carriage and heard Laura call from the stair-head: "Why, *there* she is! Where have you been all this time, Auntie?"

"Here, quick!" he panted. "Take Chao Phya! Quick! I must go see what happened."

"What was it? What was it?" begged Aunt Julia, hugging the cat with a frantic tension. His dragon squirming seemed to recall her to herself.

"I shall not alarm Laura," she whispered. "Come soon and tell me—everything." He was rushing away, when she recalled him. "Oh, please! Please, without fail, get passage for us on the earliest steamer possible—yes, Colombo—to-morrow, any day, the sooner the better. I've had quite enough of this——"

Owen was off, running to the gate. No one was there; the carriage had gone; well down the road echoed a rumble and a clatter. He recaptured his *rickshaw* and gave chase, but, though the coolie bounded along at a flying stride, the ponies drew steadily away and, after many corners, disappeared.

Next morning he learned that a German mail steamer would sail for Colombo that afternoon. By furious dispatch, he managed to get himself, the Holborows, and all their belongings, safely on board. Beside him at the rail stood Laura, dressed—as when they first met before the tank of the devil-fish—in blue and white. Her coloring, in the level glow of sunset, was radiant, and her eyes danced with provocation.

"Why," she asked wickedly, "did you dash away so last night? And why is Auntie so mysterious ever since? Where had you two been disporting yourselves?"

"It's a long story," he laughed, "and a strange one. I'd have told you to-day, but didn't see either of you except in this rush, and before people. *Maskee!* we have the whole voyage for telling it." He could not have helped the rejoicing in his tone. "A good long voyage. But it all begins with the cat—By the way, where is he? I'll show you something he has—a present for you."

Through the orderly bustle of departure, Aunt Julia approached along the deck.

"Where's Chao Phya?" called her niece. "Mr. Scarlett's going to——"

In Aunt Julia's voice, as in her look, vexation strove with guilt.

"I have settled it," she announced. "These impudent officers forbade me to keep him with us. That was the last straw. I gave him to the cabin-boy to take ashore."

CHAPTER VII

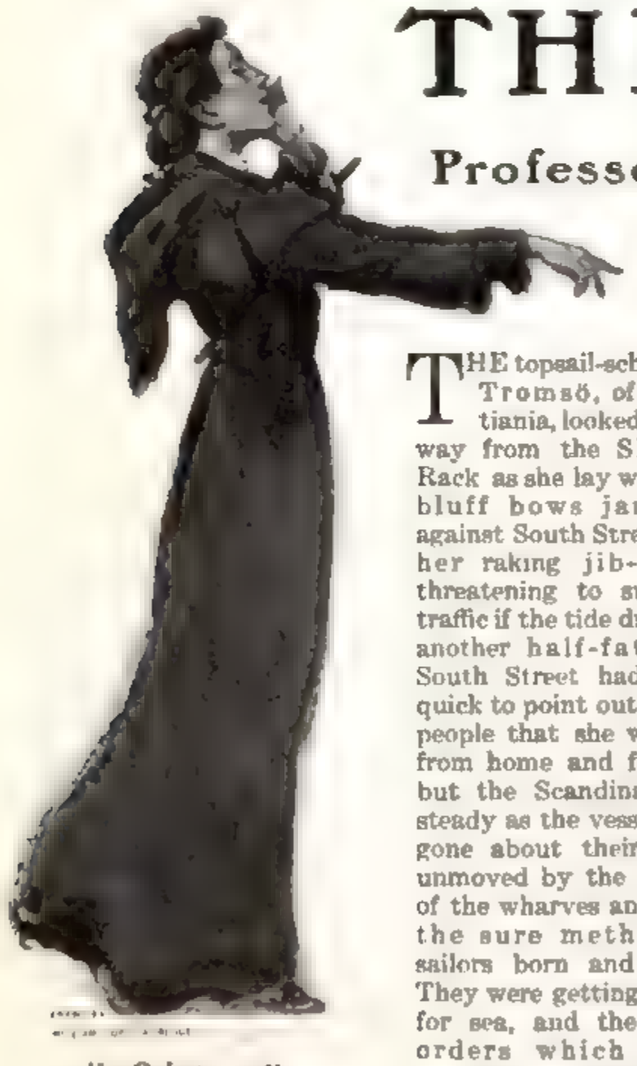
CHAO PHYA was reveling in his liberty. Dropped on the quay by a cabin-boy who had no time to find buyers or drive bargains, he had fled zigzag through a labyrinth of hurried and hostile shins. Under the lee of silent go-downs, he trotted, with a faint tinkle of silver bells; then, gradually slackening his pace, sauntered free and proud as one of his great jungle cousins. For pure wantonness, he hopped upon the high threshold of a warehouse, caressed the iron doors in a long, luxurious glide, hopped down again to stretch and wallow slantwise through a patch of packing-straw, then gamboled across the road for a tiger pounce on a dried *sirih* leaf that stirred along the curb. The whim of neatness seized him next, and, sitting doubled upon himself, he had begun to lap his fawn-colored flanks with a curled, heraldic tongue, when the sudden rush of footsteps set him off again, galloping.

Down an alley of shops, that smelled deliciously of mature fish and frying ducks, he frolicked in the spirit of holiday. The threatening feet still pounded the flagstones, but more faintly in the distance. This fitful flight, this easy escape, was such a lark as——

In the very nick of exultation, a pair of white-swaddled legs darted across the path, dark fingers gripped him behind the ears, and an oily, grinning black man, in a tinsel-broidered skull-cap, swung him into a dim-lighted shop. He thumped the matting like a landed fish, fighting gamely.

Suddenly he was hurled through a narrow door, which slammed behind him. In this new prison there was nothing likable—a dirty *charpoy*, a few dishes round a brazier, a box or two. Chao Phya began leaping for the tiny window cut through the split bamboo of the rear

(Continued on Page 28)



Her Orders were Never Questioned

THE STRONGER WILL

Professor Blackstone's Mathematical Courtship

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

THE topsail-schooner, Tromsö, of Christiania, looked a long way from the Skager Rack as she lay with her bluff bows jammed against South Street and her raking jib-boom threatening to suspend traffic if the tide dropped another half-fathom. South Street had been quick to point out to her people that she was far from home and friends, but the Scandinavians, steady as the vessel, had gone about their work unmoved by the humor of the wharves and with the sure method of sailors born and bred. They were getting ready for sea, and the only orders which they received came from Ingomar, the tall, fair, blue-eyed daughter of Elg Olesen, captain and owner of ship and cargo.

Elg himself, a tawny-bearded Norseman, had come to take but little part in the handling of his vessel. Since the death of his wife, not long before, Elg had been driven by two devils: rum and mathematics. At sea he rarely came on deck; drink and endless calculations fought it out in him daily, for Elg was compiling a new treatise on navigation, and it needed the hot lash of the rum to whip up the mathematical genius buried deep in the heavy brain. In fair weather he went on deck only when Ingomar, sextant in hand, invaded his stateroom and dragged him from his rum and folios of figures and diagrams of constellations.

They had come up from the West Indies laden with dyewood and divi-divi for Havre. Day after day since leaving the Tropic, Elg had sat below and woven lines from planet to planet, and scribbled sines and cosines and tangents, until his room was like his brain, swimming in figures and erasures and seething in the fumes of rum, while he smote the table with his fist and cursed the solutions which would not clear.

In these days Ingomar, seventeen years of age but a woman grown, had captained the vessel while the bos'n, a simple giant, had acted mate.

Thus matters stood while the Tromsö prepared for sea. The sailors crooned old Norse sagas as they battened hatches and griped the boats. Ingomar found a song on her own lips as she directed the work, thrifty as a housewife, watchful of details which at sea meant dollars. So, when Elg returned aboard from his daily pilgrimage to the library of the School of Technology, she was ill-prepared for the news which he brought.

"Daughter," said he—for in New York they spoke perfect English, as in Brest they were apt to speak perfect French or in Santander perfect Spanish—"we are to have a passenger to Havre."

Ingomar's blue eyes flashed in surprise.

"He is a professor of mathematics in the Institute," said Elg heavily. "He has given me great assistance in my calculations and will take no pay for the service. It appears that he has overtaxed his eyes and requires absolute rest, so I have asked him to be our guest for the passage to Havre."

"But father," protested Ingomar angrily, "we have no accommodations for a passenger! Have I not enough to do on deck without the care of a doddering, old professor?"

Elg grinned. "He is not so doddering," he answered. "You must prepare a berth for him." His vague eyes wandered to the companionway, for the rum-hunger was on him after his morning of concentration. He shambled aft, deaf to Ingomar's passionate protests. As the companionway slowly swallowed him, he looked back at the girl. "He will be here at noon," said he, his body at a backward angle, his beard thrust up by the rim of the hatch. "His name is Blackstone," he said, and disappeared.

Ingomar walked forward, seething with resentment. She rebelled bitterly against this invasion of her home without her sanction. Ingomar had never known any other home than the Tromsö; she had been born on the vessel while at sea. Her earliest recollections were of toddling about the ample decks guarded by every soul aboard from the captain—then a jovial, young giant whose great laughter caused the cabin bulkheads to vibrate—down to the shock-headed cabin-boy. Likewise, as she grew older, the whole ship's company had contributed toward her education. These fair-haired sailormen, like their Norse forebears, represented not only Elg's crew but also his henchmen. Their personnel seldom changed; they sailed the schooner year in, year out, and their attitude toward their master was one of feudal loyalty.

As she grew older, the cloak of authority had fallen upon Ingomar gradually and as a matter of course. Her seamanship was rather better than that of the average seaman, inasmuch as she was quicker, of higher intelligence and nearly as strong. No man aboard could steer a truer course in a quartering sea; none could make as neat a splice as quickly or had as sure an instinct for predicting the breeze as she. Thus her orders were never questioned by mouth nor mind as gradually the girl assumed the duties of her father.

For a new phase had come to the life of the vessel since the weighted hammock which contained all that was mortal of Elg's Danish wife had slid from the grating off the "Faraday Hills." Not once since then had the bulkheads been heard to vibrate with Elg's deep-toned laugh; he had taken to deep-sea voyages, rum and endless mathematics. A briefness of manner had supplanted his joviality, a stolid, but final, peremptoriness against which the pleadings of Ingomar struck dull, the hopeless finality in the mood of a man whose heart is dead.

Ingomar continued her work in a smouldering anger, the chief object of which was the prospective guest. Soon the midday whistles began to blow, the stevedores swarmed from the wharves, shouting and laughing, and, while the hubbub was at its height, a cab drew up alongside the schooner, and a slender, well-dressed man, with gray eyes and jet black hair, stepped down and surveyed the vessel curiously. As his eyes fell upon Ingomar, a tall, supple, serge-clad figure, he bowed.

"You are Miss Olesen, of course," said he. "I am Mr. Blackstone, of whom your father may have spoken. You know, we have been working together upon his new manual of navigation."

The color rushed to Ingomar's face and her anger was smothered in a veil of shyness.

"Are you the professor?" she asked. Her voice was low in pitch and of the throaty tone which comes of shouting against the roar of wind and sea.

"Yes," said Blackstone. "Your father has been kind enough to ask me to make the voyage to Havre upon your vessel, but before I come aboard with my luggage I must know whether my presence will make you extra trouble."

Ingomar found herself disarmed. She was unused to the refinements of the land; her life had been spent in contact with primitive people, kind at heart but to whom courtesy was superfluous. She was touched at the man's consideration and more embarrassed by it.

"We have little to offer," she answered; "but to such as it is you are welcome, and your presence will make trouble to no one." Her color flamed brighter as she wondered if her speech was very crude, and instinctively she looked into his gray eyes to learn the truth, for her woman's intuition told her that whatever forms of polite speech the lips might observe, the gray eyes would always be honest. Ingomar turned to one of her sailors.

"Nils," said she, "this gentleman is going with us; take his luggage below."

. . . . . .

Midnight found the Tromsö off the Hook. Elg, when the towline was cast off, sails trimmed and a course set, had gone below to his cabin, where he had written steadily, punctuating his work with deep drafts of the raw Matanzas rum. At supper he had scarcely spoken, and, when he did so, heavily. His actions were those of a man beneath a crushing weight; he had eaten heavily, hauled himself heavily on deck, where, with the blank stare of a somnambulist, he had heaved his eyes aloft, stared at the horizon, into the binnacle, and then lowered himself through the companionway. Soon he was sleeping heavily, thrown fully dressed upon his bunk.

Blackstone found himself torn between disgust of his host and pity for the daughter. He had tried to talk to her, to distract her from the condition of her father, but perhaps this pity was too palpable, for Ingomar was of those women in the wall of whose pride it is necessary to tear a breach before pity can gain entrance. She had retreated behind that Scandinavian reticence which is almost as impenetrable as that of the Slav and Oriental. Before long she went on deck, and Blackstone did not follow, because he saw that she wished to be alone. Soon the rhythmic motion and the salt air made him drowsy and he went to his bunk.

He was awakened at midnight by the scuffling of feet overhead, while the creaking of timbers showed that the sea had begun to rise. Soon he heard Ingomar's throaty voice giving rapid orders in Norwegian. Something in the husky quality of its tone, and the picture of the strange girl with her big, clamorous eyes beneath the mass of tawny hair belying the silence of the straight, red lips, set his heart to thumping strangely. He tried to analyze this emotion and failed; then, all at once, he was filled with a stinging sense of ineffectiveness, lying as he was inert, and listening to the snores of the drunken captain, while above him this fair-haired girl cared for the business and the safety of the vessel. The situation banished sleep. He struggled into his clothes and went on deck.

At the head of the companionway he paused. He was ignorant of the sea, but keen to new impressions, and the one presented was amazing. Over the main-truck hung a great, misty moon, softened yet undimmed in the hazy rush of the sudden sou'wester; the spars were silvered, soft shadows lay in the bellying sails, their edges gleamed. The rough deck shimmered and the white-painted deckhouses wore a ghostly pallor. About them the sea, lashed quickly from its sleep, began to hiss and snarl and fling its blazing crests. Ahead was a blue-black void, darkening as the smoky sou'wester thickened; on both quarters lighthouse flashes winked farewell.

Blackstone looked from the sea and saw Ingomar at his side. She wore a long coat with a hood thrown back across her shoulders, and her bright hair shimmered with a misty glow, almost color, in the painted moonlight. Her big eyes shone from their shadows. She laughed and her white teeth flashed.

"Is it not beautiful?" she said. "Such a night, half smiling, half angry and——" She looked thoughtfully to windward: "It is hard to tell whether it will end in good nature or blows."

Blackstone was quick to feel the change in her. She had undergone a transformation; her mood had raised its pitch and altered its key. There was no sign of the sedate mistress of the house, the stern mate of the vessel, the politely distant hostess. The capricious night had bewitched her, swept away her care and left her gay. Her laugh rippled straight out and trilled off in the wind.

Blackstone felt a curious relief; her few words had cleared her of all suspicion of stolidity. At supper one might have judged her as different from the heavy, sodden skipper only by virtue of age, sex and habit. He had wondered how much of her was self-contained, how much lacking. Where a beautiful woman is concerned—and

"His Name is Blackstone," He Said

Blackstone thought her beautiful in her fierce way—it is easy to confuse reserve with stupidity, passion with a bad disposition. Now, when she spoke to him in the moonlight, the few words, the catch in her voice, her brief gesture, all told of a creature thrilling to the chords struck by the mystic night.

"I could not stay below," said Blackstone; "something up here seemed to be calling to me. Perhaps it was the moon."

"Yes," said Ingomar gravely, "it was the moon."

"Don't you find it hard to sleep on a moonlight night?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered; "especially if there is wind." She glanced aloft, then her eyes fell slowly until they rested on Blackstone's face: "But I do not think that I ever heard of any one else who felt the same thing."

"Have you ever known any one who felt the same as you do about such things?" asked Blackstone curiously. "Did you ever meet a person who thought of things besides how to make money and get cargoes and fair weather—or, ashore, of the clothes they wore and their neighbors, and commonplace things of that kind?"

Ingomar stared at him. "I do not quite understand what you mean," she said.

"I mean this," said Blackstone: "Have you ever met a person who thought not only of these commonplace things, but also of beautiful things which were not included in the day's work: the colors of a sunset, strange things which might live in the sea, wonderful undiscovered islands inhabited by beautiful people who were always happy—things like that?"

Ingomar's dark eyes were fixed upon his face.

"Children think of these things," she said. There was a quiver in her voice, and he could see her bosom rising and falling swiftly. "And so do I, very often," she said.

"Yes," said Blackstone, "I supposed that you did, but I fancy that you think of deeper things of the same sort, such as those stars"—he pointed aloft to where they swam and twinkled in the rushing wind "and who dwells on them, and if, perhaps, the souls of those who have gone before may not be there if we shall ever meet them. Perhaps, you think of things like that, Ingomar." His own voice trembled a little and he used her name unconsciously.

"Yes, yes," she answered eagerly. "I have often thought of such things. Once I told my father and he laughed and said that I was 'fey.' I did not know that other people thought them, too." And then, her reserve swept away by his vibrant, friendly voice, inviting, but not urging confidences, she showed him her soul; she told him sadly of the things which she could never know and joyfully of the souls which she had spoken in the wide ocean of her imaginings. Little was held back once her heart was opened, and the thought treasures of her deep child's nature, hoarded through years of loneliness, were shown freely and with perfect trust to this man who, in all of her travels, was the first upon whose lips she had heard the call of her own kind. As Blackstone listened, he realized dimly what her loneliness had been, how she had hungered for the sympathy denied her in the nature of her life. Had he been wiser he would have checked the flow of her confessions before it ran its course, knowing that in such a nature a deep, new emotion must be followed by a strong reaction. Instead, he listened in quiet sympathy till, presently, Ingomar paused, started to speak, hesitated and stood silent.

Blackstone felt vaguely her change of mood. He guessed that she had suddenly realized how much of her soul she had laid bare to a stranger. He tried to break the painful silence.

"Some day your life will be less lonely, Ingomar," he said, "and you will be able to really live some of these things which you have only felt."

Ingomar drew herself away. Her brain was whirling in a chaos of shame and confusion. Tears of anger started to her eyes. Judging him blindly from the scale of such people as she had known, she felt that he must hold her in secret ridicule and contempt.

"I have been talking like a fool," she said; "and it was your fault, with your nonsense and moonshine of stars and silliness."

"Ingomar!" cried Blackstone, shocked and hurt. He held out his hand instinctively. Ingomar drew herself away.

"I don't know why I spoke such nonsense," she said roughly. "I think I am not quite myself to-night"—her voice grew unspeakably bitter—"like my father."

Blackstone, deeply wounded, did not reply. Ingomar walked to the weather-rail and stared across the sea. Streaks of scud were flying from the southern sky. Presently she turned.

"There are other things to think of," she muttered to Blackstone, who was standing at her shoulder. "You had better go below and try to get some sleep; it is going to blow."

"But how about yourself?" asked Blackstone. "Surely you will not stay on deck all night?"

"No," said Ingomar impatiently; "I am standing my father's watch; the bos'n relieves me at four."

A fresher puff of wind struck the bellying canvas, and the Tromsö heeled slowly.

"We will have a westerly blow," said Ingomar. "It is time to reef the mainsail." She sent her throaty voice floating huskily forward to the lookout in the bow. "Call all hands!" cried Ingomar.

. . . . . .

For days the Tromsö ran before the westerly gales; she was a good ship to scud, full-beamed, buoyant and dry.

Elg Olesen stood his rum-soaked watches and took observations equally sodden. As a navigator his skill was masterly, his technical knowledge that of an expert, yet, strangely enough, he begrudged the benefit of this knowledge to his faithful little vessel. Longitude sights and a meridian altitude observation were all that he vouchsafed her, and these he took peevishly, as one who performs a task beneath him. Much of his watch he spent below, working at his manual, sometimes assisted by Blackstone, sometimes alone; but, on deck or below, Elg drank always, and with the persistent regularity of a man who takes medicine for a chronic malady.

"If you would let that alone," said Blackstone one day, tapping the straw-bound bottle with his dividers, "your book might be ready for the printer when you reach home."

"If you please——" said Elg with a heavy frown, and Blackstone did not return to the subject.

Since her early confidences, Ingomar had held herself coldly aloof. Her solitary and passionate nature drew fiercely back upon itself in the belief that she had been tricked by a few soft words into laying bare her soul to the man. She mistook his friendly advances for pity and cherished the thought that he held her in secret ridicule. If Blackstone could have won her attention for but a few minutes he might have regained her confidence, but she made it impossible for him to speak to her alone.

Blackstone, on his part, did not try to force the situation. Some instinct told him that if he waited she would come, but the same intuition failed to tell him why he was so eager to have her come. After the first few rebuffs he met coolness with coolness, silence with silence, and spent his time in pacing the deck or below in the study of subjects pertaining to navigation. Little in the handling of the vessel escaped him, though certainly no vessel was

ever sailed with fewer orders given than was the Tromsö. He speedily made friends with Larsen, the big bos'n, who explained to him many principles of practical seamanship which he supplemented with his reading, for he was a man whose nature demanded knowledge of his surroundings.

Ingomar observed his occupation with a secret professional jealousy. Like many seafarers of purely practical knowledge, she would not admit of the mastery of a single detail of her craft by a landsman. She knew, of course, that Blackstone assisted her father in the mathematical work, but was convinced that his knowledge ended there.

One morning Elg did not appear. Breakfast-time came and still he had not come out of his room. Ingomar and Blackstone, becoming anxious, went together to investigate, and, having burst in the door, found the captain to be the victim of a paralysis of one side of the body. It was the beginning of the end of the fight between rum and living cell, and from that day Ingomar assumed command of the Tromsö while Blackstone cheerfully devoted himself to the care of the stricken man. This self-appointed duty should have been sufficient to close the breach between them; instead it opened it wider, for now to Ingomar's wounded pride was added a sense of obligation. An incident a few days later thrust them farther apart.

Ingomar, a wind-blown figure, on coming below to get a sextant, found Blackstone deep in the study of the Law of Storms. She was irritated at the sight, especially as, in the course of the last few days, he had asked her questions concerning the elements of navigation which she found difficult to answer, her own knowledge of the science being of the crudest kind.

Blackstone looked up as she entered the cabin, and his eyes lit with admiration at the sight of her tall, graceful figure dilating with the free air of the sea; then, as he saw the scornful expression of the blue eyes and the combative pressure of her lips, his face shadowed.

"You are becoming a navigator?" she asked with irony.

"I *am* a navigator," he answered. "Just now I am studying meteorology."

"Do you think that you could work out our latitude?" asked Ingomar contemptuously.

"Of course I could," he answered.

"Did you ever take a sight at sea?" she asked.

"No," he admitted, "but I have done so a great many times on shore with my classes. You know we use an artificial horizon."

"I know," said Ingomar loftily—"a bowl of mercury. It is a different thing out here. You may try it if you like."

"Thanks," said Blackstone in so odd a voice that she stared, then bit her lip and flushed. When she returned with the instruments he followed her on deck. Masses of cumulous clouds were drifting across the sky; between, came bands of blue where the sun blazed for an instant. Dark cloud-shadows of purplish brown chased the little vessel; the patches of ultramarine between these showed when they might expect the transient sunshine; the sun was still distant from the meridian, and a huge cloud-bank to windward threatened to obscure it at high noon. Beyond, was clear blue sky, and Blackstone, observing this, took an immediate sight and, swinging down the arm, measured the angle of altitude, then laid the sextant carefully aside. Ingomar was watching the heavens and did not see the act. Presently she took a sight, but the sun had not yet reached its highest altitude, and with an exclamation of impatience she laid aside her instrument. A moment later the heavy cloud-bank hid the sun entirely. Ingomar turned angrily to Blackstone.

"I am afraid that you will not have a chance to show your skill to-day," she said. "That cloud will not pass for twenty minutes, and by that time it will be too late."

"Why not get a post-meridian?" said Blackstone calmly. "It won't be very accurate, especially at this time of year, but it might be useful to compare with mine."

"With yours?" echoed Ingomar angrily.

"Yes. I saw that cloud-bank coming, so I took a sight the moment I came on deck. I think the sun will be out in time for me to get an observation by equal altitudes."

Ingomar stared at him with wide blue eyes and parted lips. The method of which he spoke was beyond her own crude knowledge. She turned her back upon him and waited fumingly for the cloud to pass, for every minute of delay meant more inaccuracy in her method. Presently, the sun emerged. Ingomar took a sight, but Blackstone, finding the angle not yet equal to that of his former sight, waited quietly until it arrived.

When he went below he found Ingomar at the table, sitting schoolgirl fashion on one ankle and figuring laboriously, with much wrinkling of her broad forehead and many impatient erasures. His own calculations quickly made, he looked slyly over her elbow, took her reading and worked out the latitude from it. It placed it fifty miles north of his own. He went on deck, and presently Ingomar appeared.

"What did you make it?" he asked her. Ingomar told him somewhat defiantly.

"We are not very near together," said Blackstone; "and, as you have not had a sight for several days, you had better take my result. You see, my method is more accurate than yours."

"I am quite satisfied with my own!" retorted Ingomar.

Her obstinacy irritated him. "I hope your satisfaction will not result in the loss of the vessel," he began, when she wheeled upon him in such a blaze of anger that he drew back; yet, furious as her face was, its fierce beauty stirred him deeper than its wrath. Her cheeks were aflame, her eyes deep sapphire, her red lips parted, showing the even white teeth through which her voice came quivering with passion.

"I will not permit a passenger to interfere with my work!" she said furiously.

Blackstone stared, then the color rushed into his face. He lifted his cap and went below without a word.

. . . . . .

Days of tempestuous weather passed, but the wind for the most part held its westerly trend and the Tromsö plowed eastward over mountainous seas. Elg's condition was little changed. Ingomar navigated by dead reckoning. Blackstone, since his rebuff by the girl, had made no further offer of assistance. For the last five days the weather had not permitted of an observation.

A subdued change had come over Ingomar; her defiant manner had melted. When in Blackstone's presence her eyes dwelt upon him covertly. Once or twice they had met his own, and then the color had flared from both faces and Ingomar had dropped her eyes.

One stormy day she lingered in the cabin while struggling into her oilskins. Blackstone leaped to his feet and helped her into the reeking garment. When he had buttoned it, she turned and held out her hand shyly.

"You have been very good," she said in a choking voice, "and I am a fool." Then, before he could speak, she turned and fled to the companionway.

When she had gone Blackstone stood for a moment in deep thought. The picture of her wan, tired face, with its deep shadows and the dark rings beneath the blue eyes, haunted him. He reflected that they must be nearing the coast, also that the last observation taken by the girl was not reliable. He listened for a moment to Elg's stertorous breathing, then turned and deliberately entered Ingomar's room. The chart was tacked out upon her table, and with the dividers and parallel rules he quickly laid off from the point of his own observation the courses sailed each succeeding day, of which he had kept a record. The ultimate position placed the vessel, accepting Ingomar's longitude for the present day, about one hundred miles off the French coast and upon a course which would strike it somewhere between Brest and Morlaix. This he judged to be approximately their true position. From Ingomar's reckoning, they would be entering the Channel upon their course for Havre.

Blackstone turned the situation over in his mind. He had no especial reason to doubt Ingomar's longitude, but, even if this were correct, it would be unsafe to run on their present course and at their present speed for another twelve hours.

As Blackstone reflected on these things, his kindly face hardened and his sympathetic eyes grew cold and stern. The task before him was not a pleasant one and he doubted that he would be able to achieve it successfully. He had already encountered Ingomar's stubborn pride and self-confidence and there had been ample opportunity for him to see that the crew held her to be infallible. For him, a stranger, landsman and mere passenger, to go to her and say that her course was leading them to certain destruction would arouse Ingomar's anger and the resentment and ridicule of Larsen. He could imagine the effect upon her present softened mood, yet it was his obvious duty, and he went to his stateroom and put on his rain-clothes with a determination to carry it through.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when he went on deck; the wind was blowing half a gale and there was a fine, driving rain which made it impossible to see more than a mile ahead. The barometer was rising, the wind had freshened and hauled a bit to the northward; it was growing colder and a change for better weather seemed indicated. The Tromsö was driving along under her jib, foresail and double-reefed mainsail, straining onward in long, heavy strides, now bringing up with bows buried to the hawse-holes in the broad flank of the sea ahead, now heaving herself forward with labored strength while the crest of the sea which clasped her roared on either side.

Blackstone found Ingomar standing by the weather bulwarks.

"Miss Olesen," he said, "I have taken the liberty of working out our position from my own reckoning on the chart in your stateroom."

Ingomar grew pale with anger. Her eyes gleamed ominously.

"What right had you to do that?" she asked fiercely. The tone of her voice roused Blackstone to savage indignation.

"The helpless man whom I have been caring for gives me the right to do what I can to keep you from throwing his life away through sheer false pride!" he answered sternly.

Ingomar leaped as though struck. "What is that?" she cried. "What is that you dare say to me?"

"I dare to say this," said Blackstone. "You may be able to handle your vessel, but you *don't* know how to navigate, yet you are too proud to take the advice of a man who does. Even a skillful navigator, which you are not, would come on the coast cautiously after running for several days on dead-reckoning. You *think* that you are heading for mid-channel, but, for all you *know*, you may be driving straight on to the French coast. If your longitude is off as much as your latitude you may be on it now. Can't you at least heave to and take a sounding?"

As he finished speaking Ingomar's face was pallid, but there was a bright spot in either cheek.

(Concluded on Page 31)

"Do What You Please!" She Cried. "I Know Nothing!"

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Ever-Ready Letter-Writer

"I WAS walking along one of the State Department corridors when I met a friend who appeared to be ill.

"'What's the matter?' I asked him. 'You look miserable.'

"'I feel very badly,' he replied; 'I am so sick I can hardly drag one foot after the other.'

"'My,' I replied, quick as a flash, 'you ought to be glad you are not a centipede.'"

Diplomatists from all parts of the world have laughed at that joke, holding their foreign sides and pretending they liked it, whether they did not or did. It has penetrated English intellects, has made slanted Oriental eyes twinkle, has caused a few Turks to smile grimly and has pulled out a grin on many a German face.

It is the stock joke of Alvey A. Adee, Second Assistant Secretary of State, and general diplomatic sharp for the Republic. He expects you to laugh at it, expects every diplomatist to chuckle, and, if you do not, you are set down as being deficient in the true sense of humor and, therefore, unworthy of consideration at his hands.

Mr. Adee is a humorist, although his centipede joke is his choicest mot and his only official one. He does not believe in constructing and elaborating new official jokes. One is enough for him. Whenever there is an opportunity he tells the centipede story. If necessary, he will explain that a centipede is alleged to have a hundred feet. Sometimes a Korean or a Persian or a Chilean mind demands the explanation. It is always cheerfully given. But, after the joke has been sprung and the explanation given, if a laugh is not forthcoming, keep out of the office of the Second Assistant Secretary of State. That is no place for you.

To be sure, Mr. Adee has other jokes. The mind that flashed out that centipede masterpiece could not, in the very nature of things, remain unproductive—flashless, so to speak—forever afterward. Those jokes are for his friends, for domestic and social use. The centipede joke is the official, diplomatic joke of the United States. When you see Count Louis Szechenyi, of Austria, or Count Hermann von Hatzfeldt-Wildenburg, of Germany, or Señor Don Balbino Davalos, of Brazil, or little Masanao Hanihara, of Japan, or Señor Don Rogelio M. Bombalier y Moll, of Cuba, or Chekib Bey, of Turkey, coming out of Mr. Adee's room, laughing fit to kill—until the door is closed—you may know that the immortal centipede joke has been told and appreciated—for purely diplomatic reasons.

There are men in every executive department in Washington who always hold their jobs, no matter how many times the Administration changes, because every Administration has to have them. They are essentials. Adee is the State Department essential. There can very well be a new Secretary of State a month. The Department will go along calmly and quietly, nevertheless, but there couldn't be a new Adee every month or every four years, because there aren't any new Adees. He is the only one, and he has been there thirty years.

Alvey A. Adee, Assistant Secretary of State

He is the mould of fashion and the book of form for the Republic. He is the ready letter-writer on all diplomatic questions, and he writes all the letters that are important, too. Many a rough-and-tumble Secretary of State has hopped into the State Department and dashed off a few burning thoughts for foreign-office consumption in other countries, but none of the burning thoughts ever burned any, for Adee is the great and only burn eradicator. He operates like the flour and molasses used to operate when put on a burned finger. He takes out the sting, and puts the raspy English into the language of diplomacy—that is, the language that reads as if it was the Rock of Gibraltar but can be easily transformed into the Delaware Water Gap or Mount McKinley, as the occasion demands. He is the greatest living artist with the word "but." He can put "buts" into a communication that will turn it from a loud and angry scream for immediate hostilities to a proposition to finance a peace congress and advocate the disarmament of the world.

Diplomatists always write and talk formally, by rigid rule. If this country wants to tell another country it is a scoundrel and a horse-thief, Mr. Adee does the trick, and, when you have contemplated the child of his genius, you are at a loss to understand whether he is asking the offending country to drop in, informally, any time and take pot-luck, or is politely abjuring it to go and take a long jump.

Take the case of Secretary Root. He is a great lawyer, and he has been writing briefs for years, making plain, understandable, logical statements of facts as he saw them for his clients. It would be but a natural assumption that Mr. Root could write a letter to the Foreign Office of Great Britain, for example, that would be a model communication between one country and another. But can he? Not in one thousand years. Mr. Root thinks too directly for diplomacy. He says what he has to say and then stops. Diplomacy never says what it has to say and never stops. Consequently, when Mr. Root takes his pen in hand to convey a few sentiments to the King of England or the Sultan of Turkey or any other prince, potentate or Latin-American dictator, he writes out what he has in mind. Then Mr. Adee comes in and puts Mr. Root's thought into diplomatic language. After he has finished Mr. Root will not recognize the product, but he will be sure that lurking in it, behind hedges of phrases and clumps of felicitations, the thought he meant to express will be expressed in such a manner that the Adee of England who gets it will know exactly what Mr. Root is driving at, but will have no cause to take umbrage at anything, because all the embroidery and frills and flounces and inserting required by custom are there.

The natural American way to say "Stop!" when stop is meant is to get up and say: "Stop!" That isn't the natural diplomatic way, and, despite our reputation for shirt-sleeving our diplomacy, we are not so raw as may be imagined when it comes to formal communications.

Mr. Adee lets the Secretary of State say his "Stop!" abruptly as he pleases. Then, Adee takes the communication and treats it with loving care. He starts off with the hope that the offending country may never be less happy, and, with a few remarks about the health of the sovereign, he rambles around, inconsequentially, it seems, for several pages, but, always, he says "Stop!" too, only he says it in a nice, diplomatic manner, combined with many protestations that we are severely pained to intimate even that there is any occasion for stopping, and that it girds us to think we should be compelled to make the remotest hint that we are not ready to give three cheers every time the other country does anything to us whatsoever.

Similarly, if we have not a good case and desire to make it appear strong and virile, Mr. Adee puts on the trimmings. He finds language that is impressive and grand.

Some of these days, though, he will put that centipede story in a diplomatic document, and then we shall see what we shall see.

Referred to Him as "Dave"

The End of the Row

MR. JUSTICE BREWER, of the United States Supreme Court, comes from Kansas. After he married the present charming Mrs. Brewer they went for a visit out to his old home.

In Washington a Justice of the Supreme Court is always spoken of as "Mr. Justice" and that was the title Mrs. Brewer had always heard. When they reached Chicago the "Mr." was dropped and the jurist was referred to as Justice Brewer. At Omaha some old friends called him "David J.," and when they crossed the Kansas line some former neighbors referred to him as "Dave."

"Let's go home," suggested Mrs. Brewer.

"Why," asked the Justice.

"Because, dear," Mrs. Brewer replied, "I am afraid if we go any farther they will be calling you Davie."

Won on a Foul

CAPTAIN HOBSON, of Merrimac fame, is going to Congress from Alabama. He has a plan to spend three billions on battleships—which reminded Speaker Cannon of the Populist member from Kansas who was talking in the House of Representatives of the trust-ridden government at Washington and, incidentally, the crying need for more money.

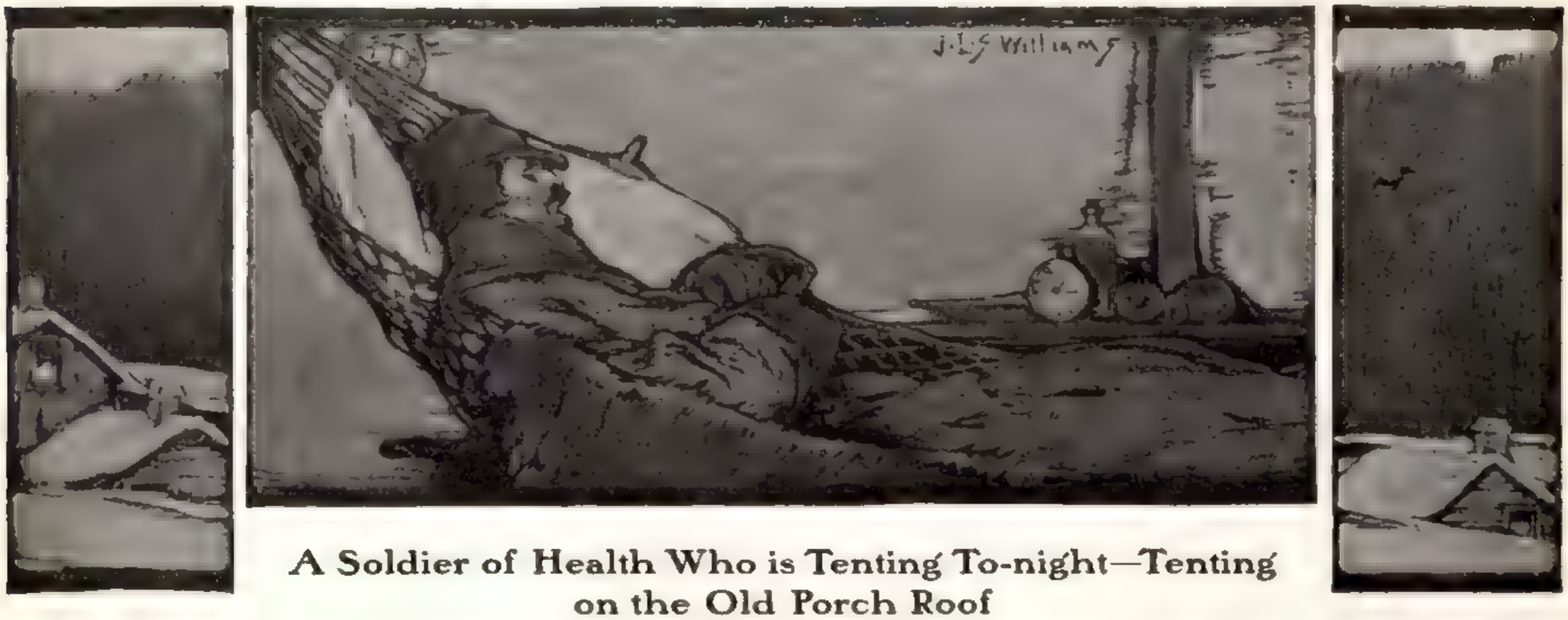
"I was up at the Treasury the other day," said the Populist orator, "and I went down into the cellar and saw them taking money, old money it may have been, but money, and macerating it in a tank. There they were, with this country starving for money, using up, spoiling, destroying billions of money that was dirty, but perfectly good. Macerating billions of it, Mr. Speaker, billions of good money for no cause at all. These billions——"

"Don't you mean millions?" inquired Judge Culberson, of Texas, mildly.

"There you go," shouted the Populist wildly. "That's just like a Democrat. Trying to win this debate on technicalities!"

"That's Just Like a Democrat"

Sleeping Out-of-Doors at Home



A Soldier of Health Who is Tenting To-night—Tenting on the Old Porch Roof

By Charles Floyd Burrows, M. D.

A YEAR ago in far-off Colorado, near the eastern edge of the Rockies, I commenced sleeping out-of-doors. Upon the roof of a cozy cottage situated on the outskirts of a beautiful little city which I shall remember always with pleasure, I built a tent arrangement to inclose a bed. There, at night, I could lie and look up into the sky ablaze with stars; hear the distant call of the coyotes among the mountains; breathe the healthful and invigorating air; and, under the influence of the great outdoors, lose myself in dreamless sleep.

Now, back at home in the East for four months, in the same tent that protected me in the shadow of the mountains, I am continuing to sleep out-of-doors in the midst of a city. The same sky and twinkling stars are visible at night, but the coyote's cry has given place to the yowl of animals more domestic in adjoining back yards. The honk of automobiles and the clang of trolley cars disturb the silence to which I formerly was accustomed; but the air is crisp, cool and full of oxygen.

My present sleeping-place is just outside a window upon the roof of a one-story projection near the rear of my house. It faces the east, and while visible from the street in front is not conspicuous.

The sashes were removed from the window-casing and a glass door, swinging inward, was hung in their place. Upon the gravel of the roof, raised ten inches above its surface and supported at each corner by round posts, a base-railing of two by four inch scantling was fixed to inclose a rectangular space nine by seven feet—the long measurement of which runs parallel with the house. The adjoining side of this railing was fastened against the building and, at each corner, extending upward five and one-half feet, a square thick post was placed. Except upon the side next the house these corner posts were connected with each other at the top by stout round poles the size of one's wrist. Thus a framework was constructed upon three sides and was securely braced by strips of board from the centre of each corner post to the base-rail. The two posts which came in contact with the house also were fastened firmly to the siding.

Comfort in the Canvas Box

WITH ten-ounce brown-and-white-striped canvas sewed around the railing above, drawn taut and tacked carefully with large-headed tacks to the base-railing, the sides were inclosed, creating a large boxlike contrivance, three walls of which were made of canvas—the fourth being formed by the side of the house, through which the window-door opens.

To cover this tent space an awning similar in shape and construction to those which are suspended over a sidewalk in front of shop windows, and made of somewhat heavier canvas than the sides, but with the same brown-and-white-stripe effect, was procured. This awning was framed large enough to project eight inches beyond the upper edge of the canvas inclosure, and was fastened above to the side of the house at such a height—about four feet—that, when lowered, its lower edge or fringe hung three inches over and eight inches to the outside of the top border of the inclosure, thus leaving a generous space for the circulation of air. Only very driving storms can beat in through this opening, and this infrequent annoyance is prevented easily by canvas curtains two feet long which are attached to the iron framework of the awning.

By a rope and pulley contrivance the awning is readily raised upward, drawn backward and held against the surface of the house. In this position it makes the tent inclosure below practically a large cloth box with the cover off, through which air circulates as freely as in an open field. Each night, when fair weather prevails, no matter what season of the year, this awning is lifted upward to its full extent. In stormy weather it can be lowered quickly and, at such times, through the space below the base-rail and the opening between the awning and the top-railing a rapid circulation of air is assured.

The entire cost of constructing such a place in which to sleep out-of-doors at home is less than thirty dollars!

A Couch in Mid-Air

WHEN there is no roof outside an available second-story window upon which to arrange a similar tent to the foregoing, with a slight increase in expense and labor, the dilemma may be overcome by constructing three brackets, ten feet long and seven feet wide—or proportionately narrower if less floor space will meet necessary requirements—of two by four scantling. These are bolted securely to the side of the house just below the sill-level of the window selected, four and one-half feet apart. A strong post extending from the outer extremity of each bracket to the ground adds further support and solidity. Upon the top of the brackets a floor, seven by nine feet, is laid and, upon this, in the same manner as on a roof, the sleeping apartment is erected. Heavier corner posts with a firm, latticed railing fastened to them inside the canvas walls prevent any danger of falling through the inclosure.

My outside sleeping-place contains an iron bedstead with extra long legs located so as to allow a free circulation of air from the open space below the tent-walls upward around all sides. A raised, carpeted platform, extending the length of the bed, between it and the house, provides a suitable floor to step upon when arising or retiring. An electric light suspended above the bed and a telephone on a small stand at the head are also conveniences which, though not necessary, are often useful.

Now, in sleeping out-of-doors there are certain fundamental requirements which any scheme devised for such a purpose should possess. It must provide, with a minimum expenditure of discomfort, exertion and exposure, the fullest degree possible of concealment and security for the occupant; protection against winds, storms and dampness; the constant admittance of an abundance of fresh air; and be in such clever and close adjustment with the home as to allow easy access to its conveniences. All sorts of contrivances that approximate to some extent these conditions have been constructed and utilized by outdoor sleepers; from those which permit the head to protrude through an open window to very expensive patent tents.

While all of these methods provide a large supply of outside air and are marked advances over indoor sleeping, they each fail to give the important psychic effect which a person obtains when he seeks repose openly beneath a cloud-flecked sky, as do the hunter and the soldier. There is a restful hypnotic influence in the contemplation of space; of the distant twinkle of the stars; of the fantastic outlines of the moonlit clouds, and of the wide, outside world surrounded by them all, that soothingly makes one forget the petty trials, vexations and worriments of a narrow, indoor life, and lulls tired nerves into gentle slumber.

With the idea in mind of sleeping outdoors advantageously at home so that all the benefits obtainable thereby might be reaped fully, I planned and had constructed the tent arrangement which I have described. It possesses all the essential requirements and fulfills its purpose admirably. It is exceptionally accessible to my home and has warm indoor conveniences. The opening of a door, a step or two, and I am in bed out in the open air, fully concealed from observation and secure from molestation at the cost of no exposure, no exertion, no discomfort. Its use on clear nights, at least, amounts practically to sleeping on a roof in a bed shielded from view by a canvas screen extended about it. During other nights, according to season, when rain or snow storms prevail, I sleep out with the awning lowered, as it is protective against them and sheds water as a roof. The circulation of air at such times is perfect, and its free movement tends to prevent the deposit of moisture and the production of dampness. Damp outdoor air is less harmful in its effect and better to breathe than the damp, stagnant atmosphere which accumulates in sleeping apartments if the windows are open during a rainy night. Occasionally in winter snow sifts in through the open space beneath the projecting edge of the awning, but never to an amount sufficient to be unpleasant or to cause one to seek other quarters indoors. How much simpler or more practical, then, could an outdoor bedroom be than this one which can be occupied comfortably and easily each night throughout the year?

What to Wear in an Outdoor Bed

IN OUTDOOR sleeping special attention must be paid to the bedclothing and to the preparation of the bed, if pleasure and profit are to follow from it during the different seasons and the frequently changing weather conditions which are peculiar to each. In the New York climate in summer when hot weather prevails, and in the spring and early autumn when warm nights are common, cotton sheets and an extra light blanket or two usually are sufficient covering—though more should be near by in case of need. In the rainy, damp weather during these months a large rubber sheet can be spread in the daytime completely over the bed and the border folded beneath the mattress. It is useful in the wintertime, too, if snow

sifts in during blizzards or is blown in at other times. This rubber covering should never be slept under. Dampness, however, is a bugbear more alarming than dangerous; therefore, while some outdoor sleepers have laboriously carried their bedding inside each day I have never seen fit to do it. It may be a safer thing to do, especially at the commencement or if one is weak and ill. Familiarity with real outdoor conditions, though, soon dispels a lot of former fogyisms and erroneous opinions.

Mosquitoes especially—and flies in the morning—are bothersome pests during their period of activity. To prevent their annoyance a large net of mosquito-mesh, stretched over and supported by the corner posts of the bed and pushed well under the mattress after retiring, will afford ample protection from the irritating bites of these insects.

As colder weather approaches and winter with its frosts and chill develops, the bed must be more particularly prepared. One then needs nearly as much underneath as over one, and cotton sheets must be discarded for woolen ones. Several medium-weight blankets, extra large, that they may be tucked under freely at the foot and sides of the mattress and come up well about the neck and shoulders, are necessary, and are much warmer than comfortables and not as heavy. There should be at hand a sufficiently extra number of these readily to meet a sudden drop in temperature, for there is one rule which an outdoor sleeper must fix firmly in his mind—*never to sleep coldly.* Several layers of lighter blankets prevent it more effectually than do a few heavier ones. In zero weather a large fur robe covering the bed will be very useful and will keep out cold amazingly well. A thermometer should hang near the bed and a reading of it each night before retiring will allow an approximate estimate and adjustment of bedclothing necessary to correspond with the temperature. A hot-water bag or two placed in the bed a half-hour before entering it will warm the bedding and will also be very agreeable the remainder of the night in helping to maintain a comfortable degree of warmth for the extremities.

The personal clothing of the outdoor sleeper in summer needs no change from what would be worn in the house at such a season; but in the wintertime heavy woolen pajamas and a pair of bed socks are required. To protect the head a small light-weight blanket can be folded diagonally, placed over the head and pinned under the chin shawl fashion, or a sweater can be purchased which has extending upward from its neck a knitted covering like a hood for the entire head excepting the face. These head protectors are very useful—especially for those who are feeble—in shielding the shoulders, neck and ears, portions of the body easily exposed to cold, but should not be worn except when the thermometer is below the freezing point, near zero, or lower. At other times they are unnecessary and somewhat cumbersome. I have slept outdoors without one when the nails of the house snapped like pistols and the mercury was ten degrees below zero, simply by burying my head a little deeper in the pillow and by pulling the blankets a trifle closer. One's face and ears will not become frostbitten during sleep, as the sting of the cold either awakens or causes one unconsciously to turn over.

When a change to outdoor sleeping is considered, warm weather should be selected as the season for its commencement, as the transition is accomplished more easily and with less caution and exertion than in winter. If circumstances prevent this or the exigencies of ill health demand its adoption without delay in cold, freezing weather, care must be exercised at first to avoid the taking of cold or the production of other serious results by the too prolonged exposure of debilitated tissues to an outside environment. To begin with, a clear night should be chosen and an hour or two out-of-doors should suffice for the first attempt. The next night the interval can be lengthened somewhat, and thus gradually by increasing the periods, night after night, the habit is acquired safely and with no ill results.

Sleeping outdoors habitually is practiced at present mostly by the sick—particularly by those who suffer from tuberculosis of the lungs. For thousands of people—especially among the poor and medium classes—who are afflicted with this dreadful malady, and who, if they are to heal their diseased tissues, must work out a cure at home, it affords an advantageous opportunity for their salvation, when associated with other careful methods of home treatment. Its effects enhance the value of other efforts and are beneficial in all stages of consumption.

Even so, however, not a very large number of consumptives, either rich or poor, profit by this powerful health-restoring measure just outside a window of their homes. To obtain air they will sit out-of-doors in the daytime and tediously watch the hours crawl by; but, at night, when the unconsciousness of sleep allows time to elapse rapidly and from eight to ten hours additional could be passed comfortably in a pure oxygenating atmosphere, they coop themselves up in a bedroom and depend on half-open windows for ventilation and an unequal supply of fresh air. They forget that for sick lungs the whole twenty-four hours spent in the open air is none too much. Their daily motto should be not "How many hours out-of-doors?" but "How few indoors?"

Not alone in pulmonary tuberculosis is outdoor sleeping serviceable. In other types of tuberculosis—the surgical forms especially—will it be found useful and resulting in benefit, if not a cure. In all conditions of so-called catarrh of the air passages; in asthma, whooping-cough and bronchitis; in dyspepsia, intestinal indigestion and anæmic cases; in nervousness, hysteria and neurasthenia; in convalescence from fevers, pneumonia and exhausting surgical operations; in chronic heart disorders and renal difficulties—in all these diseases and in many others, continuous and properly directed outdoor sleeping yields returns in health-getting that will surprise the incredulous, if they but give it a thorough and consistent trial.

(Concluded on Page 38)

Sampson Rock of Wall Street

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

XXV—(Concluded)

DUNLAP, at the very outset of the attack, telephoned to the office. When Valentine told him that Mr. Rock was not in he returned to the Roanoke "post" and superintended the defense in person. But as the skirmish began to develop into a pitched battle he again telephoned to Valentine that Mr. Rock must be found at all hazards.

Dunlap could protect the Rock stocks against ordinary drives by misguided traders, but this onslaught might mean more; it might be that something serious had happened somewhere—some cataclysmal news that would tax Rock's resources and abilities to the utmost. The stock was coming from so many sources that he could not be comfortably certain it was all short stock from the room-traders. Much of it undoubtedly was, and, knowing that they would have to buy back as likely as not from himself, he took it freely, with an ostentatious, good-natured pity. But his acting was wasted on Sharpe's lieutenants and on the traders in whom the scent of near-by money had aroused a berserker rage. Hastily distributing substantial buying-orders among his most experienced brokers, Dunlap rushed to the office.

Valentine and the telephone operator had called up Rock's house and the clubs and Ardsley and one or two offices—every place where Rock might possibly be—all without success. Nobody had seen him. Dunlap, rushing hither and thither in the office but never keeping away from the ticker longer than forty seconds at a time, saw that, notwithstanding his doubling of many of the Old Man's supporting orders, Roanoke continued to decline. He hesitated. Was this Sampson Rock's own work for mysterious reason not yet confided to his old friend and chief broker? Rock sometimes did things first—inexplicable, mystifying things—and explained afterward.

In various offices, members of Rock's Roanoke pool also wondered. Sampson Rock's manipulation was not always as clear as crystal, and they concluded that the Old Man was shaking out somebody—whom or why they could not tell. They paid him the compliment of thinking of him in the same class with the elemental forces of Nature. But Dunlap dismissed the same thought as soon as it occurred to him. Sampson Rock was not doing this; it had gone too far; the stock was too genuinely weak.

Sam had gone to Albert Sydney's office to find Darrell, but Jack was out and Sam asked that they tell him to come over to the office. It was a good time to reassure the broker, and therefore Sam said:

"Where's Rock?"

"Mr. Sydney, I am going to give you a lot of business, I hope." He added smilingly: "And I'll see that my father does, too." There was no telling when Sydney might come in handy.

"Many thanks, Mr. Rock. We'll do our best for you." The broker did not mention to Sam that he had already received some orders from Sampson Rock. By and by, when the two Rocks compared notes, they would see that Albert Sydney was a discreet broker, a man to be trusted.

"And our margin-arrangements will be more satisfactory in the future." Sam was made aware by the look on the discreet broker's face that Mr. Albert Sydney was taking the expression of a hope for a definite promise; and the great deal had not been consummated.

He left Sydney and walked back slowly, thinking, trying to see his way clear. When he reached the office Dunlap was rushing from the ticker to the telephone and back to the ticker; to Valentine and back to the ticker; to the window and back to the ticker. The moment he saw Sam he shouted eagerly:

"Where is your father, Sammy?"

"Gone up to the Ardsley Club."

Dunlap was a fluent swearer—very. Also his face, in his excitement, twitched so curiously that Sam looked at him—with amazement rather than with alarm.

"What am I to do?" shrieked Dunlap, oblivious of the half-dozen pale-faced customers who took no pains to conceal the fact that they were quiveringly listening to his every word. "Valentine, call up the Ardsley Club and get Mr. Rock on the wire."

Sam's heart began to beat more quickly—excitement is a contagious disease.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Roanoke, seventy-five!" called out a swarthy, black-haired little man who sat on a high stool beside the office-ticker. A flaxen-haired boy was busily marking the prices on a big oaken quotation-board.

On hearing the price Dunlap said: "Much stock coming out?"—and without waiting for an answer rushed to the ticker to see for himself. What he saw for himself made him swear again, and Sam walked up to him, took him by the arm and led him into the inner office, the elder man's excitement making him not calm so much as tensely alert.

"Come here with me, Dan," he said.

Dunlap was not frightened at what had happened thus far, but he was exasperated by what might yet happen. He yelled at Valentine: "Telephone to——"

"Now," said Sam sharply, "what is the matter?"

Dunlap had run to the ticker at which Sampson Rock should have been looking at that very moment.

"Great Scott—74½; ¼! Sam, I don't like—— Virginia Central, 42—40!"

"What?" shouted Sam. That quotation touched him.

"Look at it: 74 for Roanoke, 73¾! I can't stand this pace unless—— Where's your father?"

"He isn't at the Ardsley Club. I've had it on the wire four times. I have told them to send a man to the station to meet him and have him call us." Valentine imparted this information self-defensively; he must not be blamed for Rock's inopportune disappearance. He went out to telephone once more.

"There's something wrong! I ought to be in the Board-room. Why isn't he here?" Dunlap's eyes were fixed fascinatedly on the little paper ribbon. The ticker was whirring away madly, excitedly, as if it rejoiced in its death-dealing task.

"Look here, Dan, the old gentleman went away angry because somebody else scooped in all the Virginia Central that was floating around in Richmond ——"

"Why didn't he tell me? Why did he have to go away? When did he go? What does he want me to do? What——"

"It's my doing."

"You d——d fool!" Dunlap glared at him. "What do you mean? That you told somebody we were after——"

"Keep cool, Dan," advised Sam. He felt so cool that he could add jocularly: "And you'll live longer. Of course, I didn't tell anybody. I ——"

Valentine rushed into the room. He told Dunlap, speaking very quickly: "The Eastern National is calling up for ——"

Dunlap's oaths—he seemed unable to do anything but swear—made Sam keep cool. He understood that the situation was growing serious. What he did not know was that the bank was then calling for additional collateral security on one of the firm's loans, not because of high-minded conservatism, but because President Winter of the Great Southern Railway was a close, personal and stock-market friend of President Green of the Eastern National Bank, and because he had made a friendly suggestion or two about any big block of Roanoke stock the bank might be lending money on. It was Green's duty to safeguard his depositors' funds.

"They say," went on Valentine hurriedly, "that they understand the Virginia Central deal is off and ——"

"What business is it of theirs? Who told them there was a deal?" Dunlap looked furiously at his cashier. Valentine merely asked in reply: "What shall I do?"

"Give them what they ask, d—n them," said Dunlap.

If one of the banks from which Sampson Rock was borrowing millions began to show anxiety, there was no telling what the other banks, friendly though they were in normal times, would do presently, especially as Dunlap, in Rock's absence, must keep on buying Roanoke without orders, to keep the price from disappearing utterly.

"*Seventy-three for Roanoke!*" came from the other room. The swarthy little man by the ticker had, with malice prepense, shouted it at the top of his voice, and they heard him through the closed door.

"Valentine, who's got my bonds?" asked Sam. "You or my father?"

"We have. We cashed some of the coupons yesterday and ——"

"How much Roanoke can I buy with them, Dan?"

"There's a million of them, Governments," explained Valentine, brightening visibly. "And about $350,000 of railroads. Mr. Rock always invested the interest for you, Sam, and would never touch them. It's a standing rule."

Dunlap stared at him and then turned to Sam:

"That's so; you've got ——" He looked at Sam dubiously. Then, with a sudden decision: "Well, there's no time to lose!" He ran to one of the telephones on the long table and said: "Hello! Hello! Buy ten thousand Roanoke, not above seventy-five. Hurry up!"

He drew a breath of relief and said to Valentine: "Take the bonds yourself to the Marshall Bank and borrow the limit on them. Then notify the Eastern you'll pay them off." Valentine knew what to do and how to hurry, especially now when the Eastern was to know that Dunlap & Co. had money to burn. He left on a run.

"Dan, I have the Virginia Central stock. I've options on 83,000 shares—33,000 at fifty and 50,000 at sixty-five. That stock is all in escrow in Richmond banks. How much's the Governor got?"

"Ninety thousand—ninety-one, I think. It's over ninety thousand."

"I wanted him to pay me seventy-five for mine and he wouldn't. He was mad as blazes, and he said there would be no deal. But there must, now."

"There must," echoed Dunlap. His eyes were fixed on Sam's. He was not thinking of the future, nor of financial subtleties, nor railroad development, but of the unnerving present.

"And I've 25,000 besides at Albert Sydney & Co. ——"

"Then you are the man ——"

"Yes; that's 108,000 shares, and with the Old Man's, and what there must be in London, it doesn't leave much floating around, so that ——"

"Great God! What a squeeze! If your father were only here! Where is he, anyhow? There goes Roanoke again!"

Roanoke, which had begun to rally, was once more declining. A rich but intelligent accomplice of Rock's had telephoned for his dear friend, and Valentine had unwarily told him that Mr. Rock was not in the office and he couldn't say where he was because he did not know. They

"Hey!" He Shouted. "Don't You ——"

were looking for him. Therefore the accomplice promptly sold five thousand shares—the amount of his holdings in the pool—and then prudently sold short five thousand more. Having carefully waited until his orders had been executed, he generously told one of his friends. The market like that and no Sampson Rock in his office? Sampson Rock must be dangerously ill.

The friend had friends. Sampson Rock's illness grew more dangerous with each repetition. It was inevitable. In its travels the inference became an assertion, and the illness ended in what the serious illness of all great stock operators always ends. Millions cannot fend it off or prayers keep it away. And a few hours ago Sampson Rock looked so strong. And now Roanoke was so weak!

When the rumor that Sampson Rock was dead reached the Stock Exchange there was a moment's hesitation—it showed the intelligent suspiciousness of the brokers. And then the real, the furious, the panic-stricken selling of the Rock stocks began. It was the Street's mighty tribute to Rock's great abilities as a railroad strategist—and to his enormous commitments as a stock-gambler.

It was as though the flood-gates of the stock-market heaven had burst wide open. It was the deluge and everything gave way before it!

XXVI

BUT it was not alone the men who actually owned Roanoke stock that were selling it, fearful of pecuniary disaster, now that the masterful guiding hand had been wrenched from the helm by death. It was also the professional speculators, who held no shares, but were frantic with eagerness to fill their pockets with dollars, whether the dollars thus plucked from the grave of a great railroad man were the blossoms of death or not, so long as they were dollars. To the extent that they succeeded in driving down the price, to that extent would the real holders, trusting in the superior knowledge of financial ghouls, part with their holdings—the "real goods"—and then those dollars would be merely the blossoms of fear; perhaps not very nice flowers, but the banks would receive them, and the shopkeepers would take them, and, out of the losses of some, the wives of the others would be made glad and gorgeous; and the education of children be paid; and houses bought, and establishments maintained; also economies enforced in less fortunate households. If the price were hammered sufficiently to cause genuine panic-stricken selling, there was no telling what would happen—with Sampson Rock dead and his associates taken by surprise.

Dunlap, as he saw the huge blocks of Roanoke hurled madly at the market, was silenced. Then he said:

"My God, Sam, we'll have a panic here if —— *Where's your father?*" He had begun with a whisper and ended with a shriek. Sam was keenly conscious of a sense of danger—a not fully understood danger; but the menace of it made his blood tingle and brought a certain watchfulness of mind that made him think not only clearly, but quickly—almost with the mind of his father. He had his father's courage without his father's experience. His face was a shade paler, but his jaw was thrust forward, and he was frowning. He knew that he had money of his own.

"Dan"—he spoke quickly but distinctly, and in a measure he was thinking aloud—"my father never would have allowed this to happen. To prevent it he would have bought all the Roanoke they sold, and more, too. And Virginia Central—if we buy 50,000 shares now we'll have more than there is to go around. I paid sixty-five for the Robinson stock, because he wouldn't sell it any cheaper. Understand? Now telephone to my father's friends to buy Roanoke and those who were in the deal to buy Central."

"I—I—my buying is Dunlap & Co. If your father doesn't approve I'd be responsible, personally. It might mean losses he wouldn't care to shoulder and I'd be in a ——"

"Go on, hang you!" said Sam between his clenched teeth. The opposition roused him to a pitch of fury. Somebody was trying to injure Sampson Rock. That meant Sampson Rock, Jr. That meant self-defense; and *that* meant blind anger.

Dunlap blinked his eyes and closed his fists spasmodically—not at Sam, but at the overwhelming responsibility, painfully aware now, for the first time in his life, that he did not have Sampson Rock's full confidence and that Sampson Rock was an unusual man. But the stock was going down too rapidly, too ominously. The short interest, having had no chance to cover, must be enormous; to wait longer was, to say the least, to present several hundred thousand dollars to the ghouls as a reward for destroying several millions. Sam might not realize the various questions involved, but there was nothing else to do but to obey Sam's orders. The boy had grasped the elemental necessities of the situation. Still, Dunlap hesitated.

"It's with my money. I am giving the orders," said Sam. "Go ahead!" And he pushed Dunlap out of the office. Valentine collided with the head of the firm.

"They're all telephoning to ask about Roanoke and if it's true Mr. Rock ——"

"Tell them Mr. Rock says to buy Roanoke. *I* am Mr. Rock," interrupted Sam fiercely, impatient at Valentine's helplessness. "Go, Dan! Don't you hear? And you, Valentine!" In his heart there was nothing but a desire to fight the unseen enemy—fight to win, and not to establish the truth of abstract principles.

Dunlap ran and Valentine hastened back to the telephone. Sam was "Mr. Rock." If any fault was found at the obsequies he could prove he had not lied. And fault certainly would be found if he did not answer the telephone messages, for the uncontradicted cry was heard above the bedlam noises of the Stock Exchange:

SAMPSON ROCK IS DEAD AND SHARPE IS ON THE RAMPAGE!

They had been enemies, and Rock was dead and defenseless and Sharpe was alive and raging. And Sharpe had money and brains and a devilish disposition; and Sampson Rock's broker's office was like a broken engine, still running—but running without an engineer, jerkily, erratically, on the verge of a final smash.

Dunlap's buying—he took twenty thousand shares of Roanoke in less than two minutes—and the buying of Rock's friends, who now realized with chuckles of admiration that the grand Old Man had connived at the artistic simulation of a panic for the common weal of the Rock

crowd—in order to buy the pool's complement of stock at bargain prices—checked the decline. The traders, urged by Sharpe and the lash of greed, hurled themselves against Dunlap, but he held his ground stubbornly, his face showing that he felt the wall behind his back. With Rock to command him, he would not have fought a defensive, but an offensive, fight, which is the best defense. But to hold his own until the commander-in-chief arrived, that was all he hoped to do, all he fought for. Let the commander-in-chief turn resistance into pursuit; let the commander-in-chief do anything, so long as he came back to command.

Sam, impatient with the slowness of the rally, unaware that the tape, owing to the volume of transactions, was minutes behind the market, seeing Roanoke at seventy-four—in the Boardroom it was actually selling at seventy-five and a half—was made furious. He ran to the outer office.

"Valentine," he shouted, and did not know that he was shouting, "buy Roanoke until I tell you to stop!" He would not stop until somebody howled for mercy and howled unmistakably.

Valentine came out of his cage, but Sam yelled at him: "Go back and do as I tell you, or by ——"

"You've done enough, Sam," Valentine assured him, with a white face. "We'll pull out ——"

"I don't want to pull out! I want to teach these dogs something!"

"Sammy," replied Valentine, "if you don't do anything rash you'll make a lot of ——"

"I'll make more if I buy more," he interrupted. He had not before thought that he stood to win big stakes. The realization of this now fanned the flame. How much he would make, or in what precise fashion, he did not know. Risk his own money? He would have risked it all, unhesitatingly now; even if his father had been a pauper. To gain his golden independence, to punish those who would stab his father's turned back, who would upset the ideals of the Rock family, to punish and to win—above everything, *to win!*—all of this made Sam say fiercely: "Go ahead. Buy till I tell you to stop! Use my bonds, all of them, and my father's as well." He needed money. He did not know how much there was available now, in the office. He would assume there was a great deal. There *must* be a great deal. And he would use it. He said sharply: "Get me Albert Sydney on the 'phone."

"Use the 'phone on your father's desk," advised Valentine non-committally. "I'll get them on that wire for you."

Sam rushed back to the private office and waited impatiently for an answer to his call. Sooner or later his father had said Virginia Central would sell at seventy-five or eighty—just before the Roanoke took over the control. It might as well be soon. It might as well be now. For he and Sampson Rock controlled the Central and he and Sampson Rock were the Roanoke!

"Hello? Mr. Sydney? In the Boardroom? This is is Sampson Rock. Tell Sydney Mr. Rock says to buy—What? No, I won't wait. You tell him at once!—Keep away, Central—What? Oh, is this you, Sydney? This is Rock. I want you to buy all the Virginia Central you can. You'll find there isn't very much—We have—Corner? No. Take all they offer you—Don't pay above eighty—Yes, eighty! A few thousands ought to do it. I tell you, we have it safe in the office! Above eighty you can let them have 100,000 shares if need be, and below seventy-five buy all they will sell you. Certainly not; we don't want any panic—I know all that!—Oh, yes, the Roanoke will take it over!—We have much more than the majority.—My father's busy.—Dead? Somebody else will be the corpse!—Sure!—Don't lose any time. This is your chance to show what you're good for. Good-by."

As Sam rose his gaze fell on the row of telephones on the long table. They were private lines, mostly to confidential brokers. This Sam knew. What he did not know was that those same confidential brokers had called up time and again in the last half-hour and, receiving no answer to their calls and seeing Dunlap's face and hearing the terrible rumor, had sold Roanoke short—to be on the safe side; for, if Sampson Rock was not in the office with the market in such a condition, Sampson Rock must indeed be where he never again would answer telephone-calls.

Sam did not know the name of the broker. He called to Valentine:

"Come here, quick! How much Roanoke did you buy?"

"I—er——" the cashier's face betrayed him.

"Not a share! You ass! Whose 'phone is this?"

"Meighan & Cross."

Sam took up the receiver. "Hello!" he shouted. "This is Mr. Rock. Buy five thousand Roanoke at the market. Quick."

"That's for my father," he told Valentine. He pointed to the next instrument. "Is this some other broker?"

"Yes. But you mustn't ——"

But Sam was speaking into the transmitter: "Buy five thousand Roanoke, right away. Yes—at the market.—Hurry up!"

He did not ask whose telephone the next was, but spoke—another five thousand shares to buy—and passed on to the fourth.

"Not that!" interjected Valentine quickly. "That's to Commodore Roberts!"

"So much the better. This is not for my father, it's for myself," said Sam. "Hello? Commodore Roberts? This is Sam Rock, Commodore. Very well, thank you.—I called up to tell you.—Nonsense, he's as much alive as I am. I think you'd better buy a little Roanoke. No, sir. This is my own deal—my first offense.—I've got the Virginia Central where I want it now and you might make some money just to please me. Don't thank me, because I expect you to reciprocate some day very soon.—You'd better hurry—I've got a big coal and iron proposition and —— Yes, sir. Thank you! Good-by."

Sam rose, his face was flushed. Valentine looked at him with as much respect as surprise, and Sam enlightened him:

"He's going to buy 10,000 shares of Roanoke and he'll go into my iron syndicate."

He approached the ticker and shouted:

"Seventy-eight — 79 — 78½ — 79 — ¼ — 80, by Jingo! *Eighty-two for Roanoke!*"

A clerk rushed in for Valentine who was wanted in a hurry outside. One of the telephones on the long table rang. Sam answered it:

"Hello? Yes. Send the reports to Valentine. Sure. It's going to par. In about five minutes."

The farthest bell rang and Sam ran to it.

"Yes? What, Dan? No. Better keep on buying. Commodore Roberts will buy—I just had him on the 'phone.—He's buying 10,000 shares.—Sure!—Give it to 'em good!"

He walked restlessly to the outer office in time to hear the swarthy man by the ticker shout: "Roanoke, eighty-five!"

Valentine rushed to Sam, his face joyful: "It's enough, Sam. You stand to make ——"

"Look at this Virginia Central!" shouted the swarthy man excitedly: Fifty-seven; 60; 63; 67! Jinks! All hundred-share lots—68; 69; 70; 65; 68; 66; 71!"

It was a crazy market; merely to see the tape maddened with the sense of tragedy.

Gilmartin, his face livid, rushed in.

"Where's Mr. Rock?" he panted. He perceived Sam and asked, gasping: "Is—your—father—dead?"

"Not yet," answered Sam calmly.

"Roanoke, 86½; 5000 at 87; ½; 88; 89; 90; 91; 92!" The swarthy customer's hands were shaking as he guided the cascading tape into the long, upright tape-basket. The air was full of excitement. He did not have one share of the stock, but he saw a big fight and was thrilled without understanding.

"Not yet!" repeated Sam with an excited laugh. Several people entered hastily. One of them, a stout, bespectacled young man with a bundle of papers in one hand and a pencil in the other, asked, with a genial smile:

"Where's Mr. Rock?"

"Here!" answered Sam promptly.

"I'm from the Planet. There's a report that your father is dead." He poised his pencil ready to jot down, smiling, an exasperated denial or a sad affirmative.

"Nothing in it," interrupted Sam. The reporter wrote nothing, but smiled more broadly and was about to speak when:

"Roanoke, 87; 86; 85!—She's going down again," shrieked the swarthy man.

The other customers stopped smiling. One of them went pale—he had five hundred shares of Roanoke and had prematurely bought a country place with his paper profits. The profits were oscillating, and his heart was set on that Westchester County farm.

"Valentine," said Sam loudly, "tell them to buy me 10,000 more."

"He's in the other room, Mr. Rock," called out a clerk from behind the wire partition.

"You give the order then." He remembered Harding. His father had said he was a good broker. Sam approached the clerk and whispered: "Give the order to Harding. Buy 10,000 Roanoke at the market, but not above par. You understand?" He meant Harding to understand he must bid up the stock to par if possible on the purchase of the 10,000 shares. It was the way his father gave orders to Harding. It was a very good way.

"Yes, sir," the clerk assured him importantly. Sam's commands had been executed by Valentine, even by Mr. Dunlap himself. The clerk had no other thought than to please young Mr. Rock, who was certainly a wonder—and the Old Man's only son and logical successor. He therefore quickly telephoned to Harding's office, and then he whispered to his next-desk colleague and chum:

"Sam's got the Old Man beat a mile at this game. He is a corker!"

"V. C., 73; 78; 75; 70; 77; 80!"

"The stock's cornered! I knew it!" yelled Gilmartin. The other reporters pricked up their ears, excepting the stout Planet man, who continued to smile broadly and wrote: "*Corner.*" That meant a big story. He said: "If you will give us the disgusting details ——"

Sam did not heed him; he laughed and said: "Oh, no, Mr. Gilmartin! No, indeed. Nobody wants corners nowadays. But it's a nice stock and ——"

Sampson Rock, his face livid, so that it made his gray eyes look almost black, burst into the office. In his hand was a copy of the Evening Planet, on the front page of which, in huge red letters, was the heading:

SAMPSON ROCK REPORTED DEAD
BIG PANIC DEEMED POSSIBLE IN WALL STREET

The rumor of the demise of the great captain of finance was given and the panic-stricken selling of the Rock stocks—Roanoke below seventy—was described as the tribute of stock-gamblers to the king of them all.

At the sight of Sam, Sampson Rock halted abruptly. Oblivious of strangers, he said thickly:

"This is your work—*yours!*"

The look in his eyes was not pleasant. But before Sam could say anything, Rock started toward the ticker.

Sam had seen conflicting emotions in his father's look, but also ignorance of the turn in the tide. And, remembering the danger from which they had emerged in his father's absence and his own probable winnings and Commodore Roberts' promise, he replied:

"Yes, this is *my* work."

He spoke with confidence, but in his eyes there was a curious defiance. It would take more than words to pry open his clutch on the Virginia Central.

"Ninety-three for Roanoke!" shouted the swarthy man by the ticker, with a note of personal triumph in his voice—as though he and none other had routed the born enemies of the office.

"What?" shouted Rock. He pushed the swarthy man unceremoniously out of the way, nearly making him tumble from his high stool.

"V. C.," read Rock aloud, "78—82—85—80—— What the ——" He ran the tape through his fingers to make sure it was not a mistake and to see how the rally had been effected—in his absence.

It had been a crazy market—boys playing at engineers; but, wittingly or not, it had been a great stroke—unfortunately over-enthusiastic, the machinery not well oiled and a part here and there strained, but, on the whole, successfully lucky.

He turned to Sam, his eyes overflowing with interrogations, but, as if against his will as a human being, his habit as a ticker-maniac drew his eyes again to the tape. He had returned. He could check or drive, he could direct. He called to the cashier without looking up:

"Valentine, get me Dunlap on the 'phone at once!"

"Yes, sir," said Valentine, turning to a clerk and motioning to do as Mr. Rock had commanded. One of the office-boys whispered to Valentine, and the cashier approached the Old Man and said: "Mr. Rock, Mrs. Collyer is in the end room ——"

Sampson Rock did not hear him; his mind was full of the retreat of his enemies, ignorant of whether what looked like a punitive fusillade came from his own soldiers or from the exigencies of a badly-frightened short interest. Which of his friends had conducted the defense? Or was it Dunlap alone? How much Roanoke had they been forced to take? New conditions had been created. Perceiving that his father had not heard, Sam told Valentine:

"Show Mrs. Collyer into the private office."

A moment later Mrs. Collyer, her florid face chalk-white, a copy of the Evening Planet in one hand and in her eyes the fear of death, followed the harassed-looking Valentine into the big customers' room. She paused at the threshold and shouted after Valentine, who was going through the door of the partition which fenced off the clerks:

"Sell mine! It's below seventy. You mustn't let it go any lower! Hurry! Hurry!"

She was not counting on her fingers. She did not wish to count. The thought of what she would have to count, as soon as Valentine reported, made her forget that Sampson Rock was dead.

She had been unable to get Dunlap's office on the telephone. Always "Central" said the number was busy. The last time "Central" volunteered the information that there was great excitement in Wall Street and that she had heard that somebody was dead. Mrs. Collyer, uneasy rather than alarmed and fully prepared to hear that Roanoke was climbing at the rate of a thousand dollars a minute, had started to come down. But Fanny caught a glimpse of the big headlines in the "extra" which a shrill-voiced newsboy was urging the world to buy, and Mrs. Collyer read her death-warrant. Rock, she knew, was dead; and of Roanoke she had two thousand shares. Rock was dead; poor Rock! Roanoke might be zero by now. Poor Rock; but poor, poorer, poorest Mrs. Collyer!

Of a sudden her nervous glance fell on Rock standing by the ticker. Since he was alive, not dead, and she was alive, but also dead, she more rackingly than ever thought only of Roanoke—that is to say, of herself.

"This is your work, Sampson Rock!" she said with a half sob.

Rock looked at the clock. It was too late to do anything more in the market. There was therefore no occasion for excitement. He pointed to Sam sternly, and replied curtly: "No; *his!*"

"*You*, Sam?" she said with a sharp, indrawn gasp. She looked at Sam's face, which of a sudden had been endowed with the petrifying power of Medusa's.

"Yes, ma'am," said Rock, walking toward Valentine's little window in the brass-wire partition.

"Roanoke, 95—96—98!" shouted the swarthy man, who now turned to discharge a look full of malignity and triumph at Sampson Rock's back.

"What? NINETY-EIGHT?" screamed Mrs. Collyer. The blackness of the long arctic night enveloped her. She stretched her arms out as though to keep herself from falling. Then, there was a blinding flash and the cry was torn out of her dazzled soul: "I didn't tell you to sell, Mr. Valentine! I didn't! I didn't!"

Dunlap, red-faced, his collar torn off him, a fragment of his cravat dangling from his neck, his coat ripped in a dozen places, with marks on his face as of fist-bruises, ran in and shouted:

"Where's Rock?"

"Here," said Sampson Rock.

"No; here!" interjected Sam sharply. "Dan, go back and buy ——"

"Ninety-seven, 5000 at ninety-eight; 3500 at ninety-eight and a half; 6000 at ninety-nine! PAR FOR ROANOKE!" shouted the swarthy man. "Hooray! Hooray-ay-ay-ay!" He was not carrying a share of the stock, but he was heavily long of the excitement of the battle.

The other customers were again smiling—one was dancing in an abandon of delight; he had bought the country-place with the profits on his five hundred shares; the floor of the office was the velvety lawn; snow-white sheep would keep it close cropped, as they did in England.

"Hooray!" chorused the other customers, looking at him. Then they looked at Rock and became mute.

"You needn't go back, Dan. Harding did it, I'll bet, with that last order," said Sam, his face flushed, his eyes gleaming triumphantly. The confident manner in which he spoke of the broker made Sampson Rock look at him curiously. The problem of the heir seemed walking fast toward a satisfactory solution. This revived the sense of humor. He said nothing, but his lips twitched.

Gilmartin and the other reporters approached Sampson Rock, and Gilmartin asked:

"Mr. Rock, we'd like to know——"

"There he is," interrupted Rock, pointing to Sam.

The newspaper men looked with interest at the young man who—they were reading their own "stories" of the day, before they had written one line—had suddenly became famous as a financier. The Epoch chap had already decided to make Sam the winner of $25,000,000 as the result of the day's work. The Planet man's smile, though broad, had a congratulatory quality to it even if his offhand estimate was only $10,000,000. His was really a conservative paper in financial matters.

"You may say, gentlemen," said Sam with a frown—a trick of his father's that, like other tricks, seemed to have developed in Sammy in a few hours—"that the controlling interest of the Virginia Central Railroad has been acquired by Mr. Sampson Rock ——"

"Junior!" interjected Sampson Rock, Sr.

Sam looked at his father's face; it was expressionless. He nodded acquiescingly at Sampson Rock, and went on gravely: "——in the interest of the Roanoke and Western Railroad Company."

Sampson Rock looked at his son. Then he smiled. It was a sort of resigned chuckle. He turned his head away so that Sam could not see the smile. The sense of humor was full-grown again.

"At what price?" asked Gilmartin.

"Mr. Sampson Rock, Jr., will give out a statement for publication after three," quickly said Rock unsmilingly; this was business.

Gilmartin could not wait. He rushed out to get the skeleton news on the news-ticker and on his slips; he would return later for the full statement—and for forgiveness. Maybe Rock would be magnanimous. It was an epoch-making deal. The victor might want everybody to feel happy. He might desire kindly comment from the newspapers. Gilmartin was ready to meet him half-way. He was even ready to tell Rock that the reason why he had sold out his Roanoke was to keep Rock from losing when the stock began to decline. Moreover, Rock had lied about the deal. But Gilmartin would forgive even that. It all depended on Rock.

"It's ten after three now," said one of the reporters, looking at the office clock. The ticker was still printing transactions—it was so far behind.

"Closing!" shouted the swarthy man at the ticker, climbing down from the high stool. "Great day, wasn't it?" he observed to another customer loudly enough for Sam to hear. He himself had not made any money, but he knew the man who had made that great day so great, and also had made millions. In his graphic narrative to friends later he always referred to the man as "Sammy." The country-place buyer nodded and went out to telephone to the real-estate man to go ahead.

"Come back in an hour, won't you?" said Sam to the newspaper men.

"Can't you give us the disgusting details now?" asked the Epoch man. "Mine is an afternoon paper."

"Yes; it's a very fine paper."

"You read it every night and take it home to your wife, I know," laughed the fat reporter, who knew other Napoleons of Finance and several politicians. "What we want now is the disgusting de ——"

Pushed the Swarthy Man Out of the Way

"No," laughed Sam; "but, if you gentlemen hadn't killed my father, I don't think Roanoke would have sold at par to-day. You had a 'beat' when you murdered him. But he knows now what to do any time he wants to put up one of his stocks—just die in the Planet. Be nice and come back in an hour, won't you?" And with a pleasant nod, as though he and the "press representatives" were old friends, he followed his father into the private office.

"I say, Dad"—he began. Then, as he saw who stood beside Mrs. Collyer, listening, wide-eyed, to Dunlap: "Fanny!"

The spirit of the fight was over. He had done the right thing, but he was not altogether certain he had done it with a proper regard to the commercial side of the proposition. He had made Roanoke sell at par, perhaps overprecipitately. But he had sold his Virginia Central holdings to his father's road, after all. He himself was ahead of the game, and it was a bully fight, anyhow. And he was glad to see Fanny now—who stood there, smiling, still excited by Dunlap's rather technical version of Sam's victory. Her obvious interest in his affairs so pleased him that, as he smiled back at her, a great tenderness came over him. He held out both hands and said:

"How do you do, Fanny?"

"How do you do, Sam?"

All his letters to her, the development in his character and the progress of his business education, which she had traced in his letters, at first so full of himself and later so full of his work; a growing belief that she would share in his victory, that she had shared it; that, in working for himself, he was working for her—these things flashed across her mind. Her eyes were moist as she pressed his hand. A sense of ownership stole over her: this Sam, this man, this hero, was to be more. . . . This was her victory! And, as she thought what the victory meant, she blushed.

Dunlap had left Mrs. Collyer by the window and was now talking vehemently to Sampson Rock. At the mention of his son's name by Fanny, Sampson Rock turned and called:

"Sammy?"

Sam was speaking to Fanny. "I'm fine, Fanny. Did you get my letters from Washington? You'll owe me about twenty, but I'll get even. What is it, Dad?"

"Come here, will you?"

Leading Fanny by the hand, Sam approached his father and asked:

"Well?" His face was serious, so changed, so different, that Fanny looked wonderingly at him. Then, the same feeling of pride and joy of ownership came over her. She looked as though she were unaware he was still holding her hand and smiled at Sampson Rock. She must smile at somebody.

"Now, what about Colonel Robinson's option?" There was a kindly curiosity in Sampson Rock's eyes.

"It's for fifty thousand shares at sixty-five, good for six months. That, I figured, would give me time to negotiate with you—or somebody else, in case you were unreasonable about it. And the reason I paid as much as I did was that he isn't such a bad old chap. I didn't have the heart to beat him down, though he certainly was a dog-in-the-manger." Fanny smiled approvingly. "Besides which," Sam went on meditatively, "it was his bottom price, though he was very hard up and he knew that I knew it. There was so much work to do that I didn't want to lose time." It was Sampson Rock's turn to smile. He was in a forgiving mood.

"And then," continued Sam, "I had bought thirty-three thousand shares from General Winfree, who rounded up about all there was to be had in the State. If one share escaped him and he knows it, he'll drop dead. They are all out for the dust, everywhere." He smiled as he thought of the doughty General's look when he should read the New York papers—and the price of Virginia Central. "I agreed to pay fifty dollars—ten per cent. down, ten per cent. in thirty days and the balance in sixty days. That was cheap, I think."

Sampson Rock raised his eyebrows, but said nothing. This made Sam go on calmly:

"Of course, I had previously bought twenty-five thousand shares through Sydney & Co.; that stock doesn't average much over thirty-five. That was the cheapest stock I bought. It wasn't quite fair to you, but I made up my mind that, if you weren't fatherly about it, I'd turn it over to you at cost. All I wanted was money to try experiments with, in case you developed parsimony. But, since you look so very paternal, I suppose that you are willing to pay a fair price—enough to reduce my average on the whole—— What?"

"I'll be—ah—— Where did you get the money for that?" asked Sampson Rock. His eyelids had narrowed and he was looking intently at his son.

"Before I got the $500,000 from you I gave a mortgage on our house to Darrell, who agreed not to record it unless the deal fell through and you refused to help me out. I had to protect him in case I died suddenly. It's a terrible handicap in business not to have ready cash at times and to have to borrow it when you can't tell a soul why you want it." He looked at his father steadily, and, for all his humorous manner, he unconsciously tightened his grip on Fanny's hand. The pressure thrilled her.

Sampson Rock rose and, from sheer force of habit, walked to the ticker. The little machine was printing its usual record of "bid and asked" and "high and low" prices of the day, of academic interest only. Sampson Rock turned to his son and said in an even voice:

"Sammy, you are an ass!"

(Concluded on Page 32)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Profits and the Public Pocket

MR. HARRIMAN has lately published the annual report of his Southern Pacific road. As compared with two years before, transportation receipts increased $11,665,532, while the cost to the road of conducting transportation decreased $2,323,050. It cost the company less money last year to haul $97,106,172 worth of freight, passenger and mail business than it did the year before to haul $87,787,398 worth. In the one year the cost of fuel for locomotives decreased $952,022, due mostly to the more complete use of oil in place of coal. Substituting oil for coal and the use of larger locomotives net the company an annual saving, probably, of two million dollars. But patrons get no benefit.

The average rate charged last year for hauling a ton of freight a mile was 1.025 cents, against 1.014 cents two years ago.

Making a Virtue of Prosperity

WE JUDGE that discriminations in freight rates are about to disappear. Not because they are against the law, nor because this Administration is trying to enforce the law as none of its predecessors ever did, nor because the act of last winter opens railroad books to Government inspection, nor even because the gentlemen in control of the roads have experienced a moral regeneration and decided that it is not good for them to continue habitual law-breakers; but because the conditions which made rebates profitable to the railroads have disappeared.

All important lines in the country are swamped with traffic. They cannot provide cars or engines enough to handle the business that is offered them. This state promises to continue indefinitely. The rebate is a bribe offered for business by traffic-hungry lines. We hardly believe the roads will go on offering the bribe when they are gorged with business.

What we do expect is to see some railroad magnates quite swollen up with self-conscious virtue as they announce that they have absolutely abolished discriminations.

The Greatest of Railroad Builders

PRESIDENT CASSATT of the Pennsylvania Railroad was a great builder. For thirty years such a one, in the United States, was the man most in demand, most richly rewarded with money and applause. The Government gave the Union Pacific promoters everything they wanted. There was scarcely a county or township in the country that wasn't eager to mortgage itself in aid of a new transportation line or a new mill. High protective tariffs, originally levied for war revenue, were enthusiastically continued and increased to foster manufacturing. The nation, avid for industrial development, invited whoever would or could to step in and develop on his own terms. Standard encyclopædias contain biographies of Scott, founder of the Pennsylvania; Commodore Vanderbilt, Stanford, Huntington, written in the spirit of a dozen years ago, from which a studious Martian might draw the impression that they were the greatest benefactors of mankind.

In those days the dogma of competition was unchallenged, so far as concerns the mass of the people. Everybody, except a few academic theorists, believed in its plenary saving grace. Only get enough roads and mills built; they would compete; competition would produce the best possible service at the lowest living price. It was upon this theory that the builders were so welcomed; that county, township and nation so copiously and cheerfully voted them aid of all sorts. They were creating a plant which competition would inevitably and beneficently control.

But competition did not control. The mill went into a trust, deeding thereto all benefits which the public had given it and some that it had taken on its own account; the bond-aided competitive railroad was absorbed in a system.

Instead of nourishing competition, as fondly expected, the builders took the first opportunity to chloroform it. A general awakening to this fact, we think, was what first soured the public's gratitude.

In measurements of physical magnitude Mr. Cassatt was the greatest railroad builder that ever lived, and his successor is a man who is well qualified for the fulfillment of his promise to continue the policy of the road.

Country Life These Winter Days

SINCE the day of Whittier's Snowbound, American people have learned the joys of country life in the summer. Nowadays, almost every one who is above the daily bread-line has an ambition to own some sort of shack in the country, or by the sea, or on the lake. The summer migration has started earlier each year, and the fall return to the city is put off longer.

But as yet few have learned to know the charms of country life in winter. When the freezing blast from the north first glasses the ponds, the city person is likely to hike for his steam-heated flat, the trolley car and the theatre. There is something savage in the face of frozen Nature that makes him shiver and repels him. The first aspects of winter in the country—the bare, brown fields, the leafless trees, the frozen, rutty roads—are not cheering. But when Thanksgiving has passed and the snow comes, then the real wonder of the country begins. The white covering of pure snow on the broad fields, the hill slopes, the pine forests are almost more beautiful, certainly more striking, than the green dress of spring and summer. Then there are the winter sports—not to mention skating and sleighing—tobogganning, snow-shoeing and skeeing. There is as much to do outdoors in winter as in summer, and the clear, cold air of sunny days, the calm, cold nights are the best times for exhilarating exercise. A sound man need not fear the snow.

There is also a sociability about winter life in the country for those who stay on that the summer crowd can never offer: the open fires, the long evenings, the friendly little dinners. What if one does rise before daylight to thaw out the plumbing? There is something exciting even in this humble chore when the thermometer registers from ten to twenty below zero. And, thanks to the telephone and rural delivery, one can never stay frozen up for a dangerously long time.

Finally, there is a blessing in solitude, or comparative solitude: the overcrowded world is huddled far away in the windy streets of some dirty town.

The Reign of Property

PROPERTY, the sense of property, the love of property, the regard for the rights of individual property—all that is undoubtedly the strongest element in our Anglo-Saxon inheritance. The rights of property are better safeguarded by law in the United States than in any other civilized community on the earth. Human life is cheap with us, but Property can do almost what it will, regardless of the common good, of life itself.

Next to us among civilized nations in regard for property come the English, from whom we inherit our reverence for personal possessions. There is a distinction, however, between the English and the American attitude toward property.

Here in America we worship money, the raw medium of exchange itself that can be counted in figures and put in the bank; we don't say "a man of property" when we refer to a rich man, but we call him a millionaire or a billionaire. We don't think of his houses, his land, his furniture or his pictures, but of his dollars. The English think of all these possessions into which money translates itself. That is a sign of greater development: we shall come to that idea, are coming to it. Again, in England there is one class that loves property supremely and is identified with it—the upper middle class. In America we all love money, irrespective of class, and speak in terms of money.

Where's Mr. Turveydrop?

OUR great national need, says a solemn educator, is a sense of form. We live just any way that happens to be handy: our necktie is not on straight; our pants bag at the knee; not over ten per cent. of the entire population have properly engraved calling-cards; millions wear wool mitts even when going to parties. We should lead the vanguard of civilization; but, in fact, we lag in the rear with our thumbs in the armholes of our vest, fatuously intent upon such minor matters as politics and making a living.

From the illuminating days of Professor Fishbladder there have been many grave warnings that the country was on the wrong track. It is getting rich; but how is it meeting the final test of civilization—that is, to what extent are its manners formed upon those of the Prince of Wales? Crops are abundant; but are more farmers learning to say "I fancy," instead of "I guess"? Wages rise; but what proportion of the proletariat, as compared with ten, twenty or thirty years ago, now blow in their soup to cool it? No one can answer. That fact itself is conclusive and shameful proof of our insensibility to true progress.

It is never too late to begin. We hope the next census will lay a foundation upon which, in course of time, will arise a national edifice of which any dancing master may feel proud. Some of the old stock questions about race, religion and offspring—that have nothing whatever to do with the grand interest of cultivated mankind—may well be omitted. In place of them, let the census enumerators gather data upon such fundamental matters as these: Do you use hair-oil? Describe briefly the functions of the knife, the fork, the spoon. When should spats be worn? If you had a maid would you make her wear a doily on her head?

By collecting such statistics as these, and comparing them at succeeding decennial periods, we can tell whether we are truly progressing or merely, in fact, slopping around in a vicious circle.

Pity for the Quick, Not the Dead

WE HAVE a new national hero. A mine caved in on him and fifteen days elapsed before he was dug out. So every newspaper printed his picture, all available biographical facts, and what he said when he entered the barber-shop to have two weeks' growth of beard removed. One journal of extraordinary enterprise scored a beat by ascertaining and reporting what the barber said in reply. But the most effective handling must be credited to the paper that printed a daily diagram—mostly imaginary—showing the imprisoned man and the rescuers digging toward him.

If the cave-in had been a trifle more complete and the miner had been killed, nobody outside the neighborhood would have heard of it; or, hearing, nobody would have cared. Dead workmen are a very commonplace fact with us. It was the dramatic element of suspense that counted—the man still quick, yet momentarily facing death. We would not have gone to war with Spain over any number of dead women and children. It was those in Weyler's camps, still living but drooping to death before our eyes, that made us fight. Not long ago there was a street riot over a stray cat that some masons had carelessly walled in. The cat was rescued—to be kicked within an hour, no doubt.

The modern world is chock full of sympathy in solution; but a dramatic touch is necessary to precipitate it. Statistics of the needlessly killed and maimed in railroad operation are received coolly. A single fatality will heat and swell the heart of any community close enough humanly to realize it. Certain periodicals have wrought upon politics with tremendous effect because they have dramatized the wrongs, and so made them understandable to sympathy. When the national sympathy is once surely touched we do not think anything will long stand before it. We like to see it warming up on such subjects as child labor.

Prosperity and Misery

HAS not something vitally important been overlooked in this dispute about the Congo Free State? Surely, Leopold has been a great captain of industry! He has developed the resources of the country in a truly remarkable degree.

Exports have multiplied. Not only has the foreign trade grown in an extraordinary ratio, but the balance has been heavily favorable. New lines of transportation have been opened. Most especially has the wealth per capita increased. This, we know, is an almost conclusive fact which even the most prejudiced reformers should not seek to dodge.

We doubt if Uncle Joseph Cannon could be brought to admit that there was anything worth mentioning the matter with a country whose wealth per capita was increasing. And the more rapidly the king's system kills off the inhabitants of the Congo while his stores of rubber and ivory grow, the more swiftly, it is obvious, will the wealth per capita rise. Yet the talk is all about the misery of the people—about charges that they are robbed and tortured; that while the king's business thrives human beings suffer and perish. There seems to be something illogical about this. Perhaps Mr. Ryan, in view of his valuable Congo rubber concession, will point out what it is.

THE SENATOR'S SECRETARY

WELL, those Knights of the Public Weal, over in the House of Representatives, did just what we expected they would do. When the salary-raising question came up they gave the Cabinet members more, hoisted the Vice-President, tucked some on the Speaker's stipend, fixed it so the clerks could get their Christmas money in advance, and then came face to face with the proposition of increasing their own salaries from five thousand dollars a year to seven thousand five hundred dollars.

They have been whispering around about this for years, and they have been afraid to do anything. This time, in order to make it sure there would be no reflex action on the person responsible for the suggestion, they made Lucius Littauer, of New York, the goat. He is going to quit Congress anyhow, has a few millions of his own, and he didn't care. They were nearly all for it, except Representative Underwood, of Alabama, who protested vigorously that five thousand dollars a year is enough for any man, he having a large fortune, and Representative Lamar, of Florida, who has enough stocks and bonds in the family to sink a ship, and who is of the opinion, consequently, that Representatives might as well serve for nothing as to ask more money from the Government.

The voting began. There were a good many nays at first from men who were afraid of what their constituents might say; then these patriots, without fear and without reproach, fell over one another trying to get recorded against the outrage. Nearly every man wanted the raise, and only a few of them had the nerve to vote for it. After it was defeated they gathered in the corridors and recriminated and cussed. They couldn't see why all the other fellows did not vote right. Then they decided it would all come out in the wash, because the Senate, the dear old Senate, that is not responsible directly to the people, would put the item back into the bill, and it could be adopted in conference without any fuss.

The dear old Senate is always there to pepsinize undigested legislation that comes over from the House. I have heard the Senators talking about it. They are very likely to put a rude crimp in the cowardly House. You see, most of the Senators do not care for their salaries. They could just as well give them to the poor or to their secretaries and clerks—only they don't. The bulk of them are rich enough, so the five thousand is a mere bagatelle; but I never heard of any of them leaving their salary checks unsigned. As nearly as I can make it out, the Senate thinks that, as the House did not have the courage to raise its own salaries, the Senate will not help them out by winking at their cowardice. Ordinarily, the Senate is obliging in matters like this.

The Senate's Little Joke on the House

ONCE in a while, though, the House makes a miscalculation. There was that famous occasion when Charles Beary Landis put a paragraph in a bill forbidding the selling of liquors in any building owned by the Government. There was a delegation of ladies interested in temperance in the galleries when this paragraph came to a vote, and a fair sprinkling of ministers. The thirsty House knew that this deprived the Capitol restaurants of the privilege of running their bars, and they didn't want to vote for the provision, but they were actuated by the great moral sentiment that was represented in the galleries, and they went through the tellers with a whoop. It was fine and uplifting.

After it was over they winked and grimaced and pointed over at the Senate and said: "Those old boys over there will fix it. You can't deprive them of their rum. They'll knock it out and everything will be all right again."

But the dear, old boys over in the Senate were tired of this sort of humbug and hypocrisy. They didn't knock it out. They left it in and, when the bill came to conference, the House conferees fainted, and were revived—with clear, cold water. The Senate had played a tough practical joke on the House, for the Senate has a committee-room for each member and can provide, while nobody but committee chairmen get committee-rooms in the House, and there are not so many chairmen that the drought can be relieved expeditiously and satisfactorily. That is what is likely to happen to the salaries, and the Speaker and the Cabinet members and Vice-President are justified if they grin every time they see a Representative.

The Hejira of Lady Susan

ALL the people who move around where the diplomatic set are on view are talking about Lady Susan Townley and the didoes she cut before the British Foreign Office which lifted her husband out of Washington, thus promoting the peace of Sir Mortimer Durand, the Ambassador, but depriving everybody who had the pleasure of Lady Susan's acquaintance of a lot of entertainment. Lady Susan was born to the purple, and she never forgot it for a minute. She had opinions about American ways and Americans that were as English as Punch. Moreover, she made the mistake of expressing these opinions at every public gathering she attended.

There was an attempt to make Lady Susan responsible for the recall of Sir Mortimer, but that is nonsense. It sounded well in the papers to say she headed an "intrigue," and that "Lovely wife of an English diplomatist aids in the downfall of British Ambassador," and all that sort of rot, you know. But it wasn't the truth exactly. Lady Susan is the wife of a former attaché of the British Embassy, and she didn't intrigue enough to be discernible to the naked eye. What she did was to talk, talk a blue streak, and she always talked about those high in public life in this country.

I met her once or twice at dinners my Senator gave, and I never heard anybody who was so outspoken as she was. They used to encourage her to talk, not that she needed much encouragement, but because, when the coffee came along, if Lady Susan was in good voice, there was entertainment for all hands. "Talk about court etiquette at the White House," she said one night, "there is no need of it. It isn't necessary to lay down the rule that you mustn't speak until the President speaks to you, for when the President is anywhere one can't get in a word edgewise, anyhow."

Then she contributed a remark one night that the White House functions were the "greatest shows ever seen not under canvas tents," and had a ripping time—ripping everybody up and down.

Sir Mortimer heard some of the stories. Especially, he heard the one about Lady Durand, whom Lady Susan spoke of as a "little curate's daughter." That settled Lady Susan, and cast a gloom over Washington official and diplomatic society, for there isn't a Lady Susan left and the winter's round of dinners has just begun.

Poor Sir Mortimer has left for England. He doesn't know yet what hit him, except that he has a vague understanding that he was not successful in cultivating personal relations with the President of the close and clinging character that have blossomed for Sternberg the German, and Jusserand the Frenchman. He was in a fix about it and wandered about trying to find out what the trouble was. Somebody suggested to him, gently, that perhaps the Foreign Office looked askance at the intimacy of the German and French Ambassadors and wondered why England was not on the spot every day, also. Sir Mortimer was amazed. "But, my good fellow," he said, "I cawnt be a lackey, you know."

I went to the Gridiron Club dinner the other night and saw four Ambassadors sitting in a row, on the right hand of President Roosevelt: Des Planches, from Italy; Durand, from England; Rosen, from Russia, and Aoki, from Japan. Baron Rosen is the only one of the four who has anything approximating an American sense of humor, and he laughed at the jokes that puzzled the others. The rest of them sat in solemn silence and heard President Roosevelt chaffed, and the scores of other great men at the tables. They couldn't understand it, which was natural, but, when Sir Mortimer came out, he wiped his forehead and said amazedly: "Certainly, this is the most democratic gathering in the world," which was true, for they made Sir Mortimer and the others stand up and then told them to "turn around and sit right down again," and they all did it like little men, albeit Sir Mortimer was quite red and flustered.

Lady Susan Townley and her sharp tongue did not get official notice from the President, but he had his annual difficulty with the fair sex on schedule time, when Mrs. Bellamy Storer and her letters called out his broadside. There was what passes for "intense popular indignation" for a few days. It is all over now. I heard some Senators talking about this sort of thing. It was recalled that a year or so ago the case of Mrs. Minor Morris inflamed the country, and that, before that, the sale of the Lucy Webb Hayes sideboard caused shrieks of protest from all parts of the land.

Mrs. Storer and her letters have been forgotten, and so have the others, although to this day there come inquiries to the White House to know if the Lucy Webb Hayes sideboard really was sold for junk. That was a curious story. It was said that this sideboard, which had been presented to Mrs. Hayes by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, had been sent to a public auction room when the White House was remodeled, and had been bought by a saloon-keeper. The young man who started the yarn certainly put all the trimmings on it. The clamor became so great that members of the Hayes family wrote to ask about it.

The fact is that there never was a Lucy Webb Hayes sideboard—if the outraged public had stopped to think a moment it would have realized that a sideboard was about the last thing the W. C. T. U. would give to anybody—and, consequently, it could not have been sold. Still, when the Hayes family was fooled, the public was not to be blamed for being interested. They introduced a resolution in the House and were going to have an investigation when Uncle Joe Cannon arose and said: "I have heard that Dolly Madison hung her wash in the East Room. Where, oh where, is that clothesline now?" That stopped it, officially, but there are many people who think a great outrage has been done.

The Roars of Sucking Doves

THE President is the marvel of the Senate. He gets away with situations that would wreck a lesser man. This Brownsville affair, which resulted in the discharge of three companies of the negroes of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, some of them being soldiers who had worn the uniform for twenty and twenty-five years, started a political attack on the President by Senator Foraker and others opposed to him, and it is likely to wind up in as lively a battle as Congress has seen for many days. Foraker is the one man in the Senate who is never afraid. They used to call him "Fire Alarm" Foraker in the old days, but he isn't as loud-throated now as he was then, and many times turns in a still alarm. However, he knows what he wants to do and he does it, openly, and that is more than most of the colleagues who sit around him do.

Political courage is a rare gift. Few of the statesmen have it. The mole is the animal that should be on the Senate coat-of-arms. They are great burrowers, but when it comes to speaking out in meeting and opposing the President they are never on the job. I have heard them rave and rant around in the committee-rooms, and then go into the Senate chamber and vote as they said they never would, and this sort of thing rather gives an

observer a cold chill when he gets to thinking of the real meaning of the word "trimmer." There are a few of them who do as they please, but most of them are governed by policy and influenced by the ulterior motive. A Senator in a committee-room and in private conversation, when he is discussing the latest "outrage" of the President, is a fearsome and awe-inspiring being. A Senator in the Senate chamber doesn't inspire any particular awe in anybody.

So they threw the job of fighting in the open over to Foraker, and he is off the reservation and getting nearer the headwaters of Bitter Creek every minute. The President has put on the war-paint also, and when he and Foraker really get together there ought to be a fight that will live in history. It is really too bad that the Fathers did not put a provision in the Constitution giving the President the right to go into the Senate and defend his policies. If that provision was there Colonel Roosevelt would be waiting for the doors to open on the day when Foraker will return to the attack. They both have the same kind of fighting blood in them.

Nobody thinks anything serious will come out of the muss. An investigation will be ordered. That is the perpetual proceeding. Then testimony will be taken and the tension will be eased off until everybody has forgotten all about the trouble and peace and happiness reign. The results those pussy-footed statesmen in the Senate can get with investigations are marvelous. They string them out and string them out and hold meeting after meeting, until the procession is away down the street. Then they smuggle in a report, and that report goes to the Document Room, and there you are.

"Investigations," said my Senator, "turn away wrath and promote peace. Time heals all things, and the Senate's method of utilizing time is one of the most artistic things the Senate does. Delays may be dangerous when it comes to running trains, but delay is the iron with which the Senate smooths out wrinkles in affairs of state."

HOW I LOST MY SAVINGS

Sold Himself a Gold Brick

IT TOOK ten years for me to accumulate thirty thousand dollars.

It took two years for me to lose that sum.

I was separated from my money by a confidence game—a game wherein I had too much confidence in myself. For I was both the one buncoed and the bunco-steerer. When I was through I found that I had sold myself a gold brick.

After I had finished high school in Chicago my father said to me: "You can have your choice, learn a business or go to college. What do you think of college?"

"If it is just the same to you," I told him, "I would rather have the money."

He laughed, but said nothing. The next day he handed me a certificate of deposit for three thousand dollars.

A week later I began work collecting rents for a large real-estate firm. At the end of a year's employment I was given a raise in wages. I was also given a change of work—leasing and renting. And then, at first unconsciously, I began to study values. And soon it became almost a mania with me. I could hardly go anywhere without making a mental estimate of the value of the property in the street on which I was passing. One day I bought a thirty-day option on a piece of property and disposed of the property at a good profit. Taking my idea from this I sought bargains in options wherever I could find them. At the end of ten years I had banked thirty thousand dollars, not counting the three thousand dollars my father had given me.

Then I laid my plans to triple my money. There was one thing I knew: I *knew* real estate. I had often testified in court as an expert witness. So I went to a growing city of twenty-eight thousand inhabitants. For three weeks I did nothing but study the streets of that city. I had a map. I laid the city out in sections and walked every street. I drove all about the city behind a livery horse. I rode to the end of the street-car line in every direction.

At the end of three weeks I knew the city so thoroughly that I could have directed a person from any one point in the city to any other point in the city by the shortest route.

Have you ever noticed how the residence portion of a city will grow steadily in a certain direction? And how there are always certain reasons for this steady growth to follow the line of its direction? How, for instance, the residence districts of the well-to-do invariably seek elevation, and always grow away from the low-lying bank of a river or stream? Well, when I had determined what direction the residence section of this city would take, I secured an option on twenty acres. To the man who was principal owner and manager of the trolley system I paid five thousand dollars to have the rails laid to my tract. I closed the option and bought the twenty acres. I deeded the local street-railway magnates an undivided half interest in my holdings.

Then I opened my real-estate office.

We sold a few lots and put the money into street improvements. We sold more lots and built a schoolhouse. I became more enthusiastic than ever over the project. I mortgaged my half interest and bought an adjoining ten acres, giving my note secured by a mortgage on the ten acres for the balance of the purchase price.

We sold a few more lots. Then business became dull. Building, in the mean while, had started with renewed activity in another section of town. At the end of eighteen months the two mortgages on my property were foreclosed. My project, as far as I was concerned, was a failure. If I had had time and capital to retain my holdings, say perhaps five or ten years—but that is a long time to wait for an uncertainty.

I am only thirty-one; and I still have the three thousand dollars my father gave me. I shall go back to Chicago and make a fresh start. —*L. L.*

A Fortune in Puzzles—Perhaps

HOW often we hear the remark, "I suppose the fellow who invented this little puzzle made a fortune." This is the story of how I lost a fortune through a puzzle.

A rather seedy young man walked into my office one afternoon last summer and handed me a hard-luck story that bore all the earmarks of being genuine. He said he was a consumptive, out of work, and hadn't had a square meal in two days. He had a puzzle which he wanted to have copyrighted, that was the "greatest thing since 'Pigs in the Clover,'" and wanted to know if I knew of any one with a few dollars who would go into the thing with him, dividing the profits equally. He said there was "thousands in it, if a cent." He only wanted ten dollars to get a few of them made, have it copyrighted and place it on the market.

I thought it over and, finally, advanced him the money. He must show me, however, that he meant business and let me see the patent. Thereupon, he produced from a carefully wrapped package a little pasteboard box which contained the puzzle. I tried it several times but was unsuccessful, after which he showed me the secret of the game, which, like all puzzles, was very simple when you knew the trick.

Well, we had a lot of them made up and my new-found friend at once took up his office with me. He was away every day "placing them on the market," and soon suggested we do some advertising in the magazines. This we did, I advancing the money to pay for it.

Orders began pouring in, mostly from my native town, but I paid no particular attention to this point, thinking only of the "thousands in it." One day the puzzle inventor said we would have to get 15,000 of them manufactured. This would cost about $500. He had orders for them, and they all called for quick delivery.

I gave him a check for $500, the result of three years' saving, not, however, until the puzzles had been delivered at my office. They came in a few days, great bundles of them, and almost filled a room. My partner piled them one on top of the other, and when the last one was put away walked quietly out of the office with the check, and that was the last I ever saw of him. I opened one of the bundles a few days after. It contained nothing but waste paper.

Altogether, my little experience cost me $758.25, and I am not anxious for another lesson at that price. —*M.*

How the Biter was Bit

OUT on the road somewhere in Texas my friend Winder picked up a copy of a paper, published in Chicago. Among the advertisements of the get-rich-quick schemes, and how to make a salary of twenty-five dollars a week without the expenditure of either brains or muscle, was a most entrancing offer by the firm of Dr. Dobbs & Co., who make the famous "Dr. Dobbs' Little Pills for What Ails You."

In order to introduce this supremely valuable remedy the company engaged to send a sample bottle to every invalid or otherwise who inclosed twenty-five cents for that purpose. In addition the invalid or otherwise might guess a rebus.

Now, he or she who first answered the rebus correctly was promised a grand piano. Number two was to have a carriage and horse; and other prizes were to be given the possessors of the brilliant intellects who could solve the puzzle. The one who sent in the last correct answer was to receive one hundred and fifty dollars, and the next to the last would have one hundred dollars in gold.

October 31 was the last day of the contest, and every contestant would receive a bottle of pills for his twenty-five cents, besides the chance of a glittering prize.

When Winder brought it in to my desk I laughed the laugh of scorn and asked if he had any idea that a prize would be given to any one outside the immediate family of Doctor Dobbs.

Winder replied that two prizes were for bright, young men, to wit: the last and then next to the last.

So, heedless of nervous prostration, we solved the rebus and waited patiently for the last day in October.

That night, at a little before six o'clock, we interviewed the night watchman at the address given by the benevolent Doctor Dobbs and, in consideration of coin of the realm, we had his promise to take us up to the eleventh floor at eleven o'clock that night. Then we calmly went to the theatre.

At eleven o'clock, in company with a reputable citizen, we deposited our answers and our quarter dollars for the last and next to the last prizes.

On Monday morning we found letters on our desks from Doctor Dobbs informing us that, though our answers were correct, the letters had been received after office hours and were, therefore, ineligible for the prizes.

That night at the Chicago post-office three or four hundred letters from the country were received with special-delivery stamps on them, requesting that the letters be delivered to Doctor Dobbs at 11:59 P. M., October 31.

Our quarters were returned by the astute doctor with his polite note. His politeness was his undoing. He had acknowledged the receipt of the answers, their correctness, and the fact that they had been received on October 31, but after office hours.

To our legal adviser then we went with our tale of woe. He discovered two important principles of law, namely: First, that an advertisement is a contract, and that, in the State of Illinois, the day is from midnight to midnight.

To a justice shop we hied ourselves and laid our case before the J. P., who speedily became convinced of the justice of our claims.

Doctor Dobbs' legal adviser was for taking it to a higher court, but, on second thought, decided that publicity might be bad for the next crop of suckers.

We collected our dues, the sweat of our brain, as Winder called it, and right pleasantly did we celebrate the holidays on Doctor Dobbs' easily earned money.

—*C. L. S.*

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Your money is helping other people to get ahead. Make it help **you.** You can tuck away a dollar a week almost without knowing it In only five years, when that dollar a week has piled itself up to **$293,** you will appreciate the value of systematic saving.

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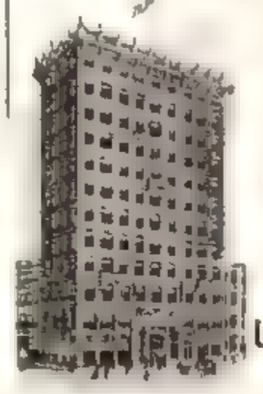

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A Home-Made Wireless Outfit

By RENÉ BACHE

WOULD you like to have a wireless telegraph outfit of your own—something cheap and home-made, that is to say, which would enable you to send and receive messages over short or long distances? If so, the ambition is not in the least difficult of fulfillment. On the contrary, an effective wireless apparatus is an affair of exceeding simplicity—so simple, indeed, that any reasonably clever youth ought to be able to set one up and put it into operation.

Never in this world was anything more easily comprehensible than wireless telegraphy, when explained in a few clear terms; and the outfit required is not in the least complicated. Its essentials may cost as much as fifty dollars; but, if the amateur experimenter has not that amount of money, he can, with the exercise of a little ingenuity, make nearly the whole of it himself out of materials which may be obtained for very little.

A New Use for Lightning-Rods

A very important part of the apparatus for sending messages is the so-called "aërial wire." For this purpose an ordinary lightning-rod will serve; but the simplest arrangement, perhaps, is one whereby a stick, ten or fifteen feet long, is extended horizontally from the corner of a house-roof, an ordinary copper wire being hung from the end of it in much the same way as a fishing-line hangs from its pole. To insulate the wire at the point where it joins the pole, one may employ a little porcelain knob such as electricians use for putting up telephone wires.

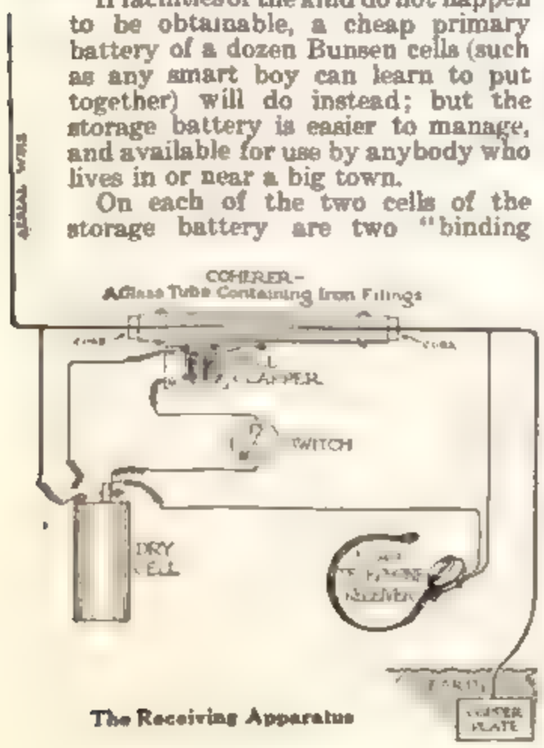
Next, the beginner will require a spark-coil, which he may procure from any dealer in electrical supplies. It is the most expensive part of the apparatus, and will cost about twenty-five dollars. This coil, which is a cylinder of wound wire, rests upon a rectangular wooden base, and on top of it are two little knobs, between which the sparks fly when the requisite electric current is supplied. The space between the two knobs is called the "spark gap."

Now, the lower end of the aërial wire already described must be electrically connected to one of these knobs. Then to the other knob must be fastened another wire, which is to connect with the earth. Such a connection may be established by soldering the wire to a copper plate and burying the latter in the ground; but a simpler and easier way is to attach the wire to a gas-pipe or water-pipe, which, inasmuch as it goes down deep into the earth, serves the purpose admirably.

Thus the experimenter finds himself provided with a spark-coil, connected on one side with the aërial wire and on the other side with the earth; and the next thing to do is to furnish energy for the apparatus by the help of a battery. Fortunately, a small storage battery is adequate, consisting of only two cells. A lighting current or an ordinary battery may be used.

If facilities of the kind do not happen to be obtainable, a cheap primary battery of a dozen Bunsen cells (such as any smart boy can learn to put together) will do instead; but the storage battery is easier to manage, and available for use by anybody who lives in or near a big town.

On each of the two cells of the storage battery are two "binding posts," so arranged as to screw down upon a wire. One post is "plus" and the other one "minus"—a difference plainly indicated, so that there can be no mistake. By means of these posts, a short piece of wire is run from the "plus" on one cell to the "minus" on the other, thus coupling the two cells. The remaining two posts are then connected by additional wires with the two binding posts on the base of the spark-coil contrivance.



The Receiving Apparatus

In a word, three wires are required to connect the battery with the spark-coil. One of them couples the two cells together and the other two run from the cells to the binding posts on the spark-coil. This is the whole of the apparatus required for sending "wireless" messages—save for one very essential item, which is a key inserted in the length of wire that leads from one of the cells to the spark-coil. For this purpose the wire is cut; and the key is merely a little strip of brass by which, every time it is pressed down with the finger, the two severed ends of the wire are connected so as to complete the circuit. A more substantial key may be bought at trifling expense.

Now, it is obvious that every time the key is pressed down with the finger, completing the circuit, a stream of sparks must fly across the spark gap between the two little knobs already described, a current of electricity passing at the same time up the aërial wire, the lower end of which is attached to one of the knobs. This causes a wave—or, more properly speaking, a series of waves—to proceed from the aërial wire in all directions. The waves are not air waves, but appear to be transmitted through the ether which is supposed to occupy all space. They expand in much the same fashion as ripples on the surface of a pond into which a boy has thrown a stone.

The Working of the Coherer

Every time the key is pressed a series of waves is thus sent out. They seem to follow the surface of the earth, and may be detected even at a great distance by the use of suitable apparatus. This apparatus for receiving messages from the sending station must necessarily be very sensitive, inasmuch as the "ripples" become feebler and feebler as they get farther away from their original source. It consists of a second aërial wire like the first one, to which are attached, in a manner presently to be described, an ordinary telephone receiver and a small contrivance called a "coherer." The latter is simply a short tube of glass filled with iron filings and plugged with a cork at each end.

Through the cork at one end is passed the lower extremity of the aërial wire, so as to enter the iron filings. In like manner, through the cork at the other end is thrust a second wire, the other extremity of which is connected with the earth by attaching it to a gas-pipe or water-pipe, or in some other convenient way.

As a result, you have a tube of filings connected at one end with the ground, and at the other end with an aërial wire. The ends of the two wires, though both of them enter the iron filings, do not touch each other.

Where the Bell Comes In

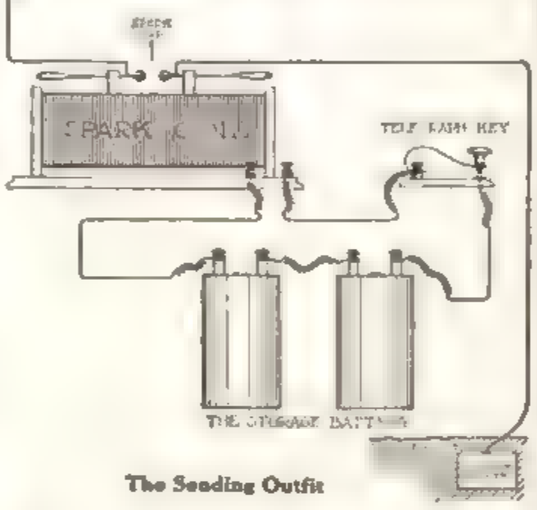
Only one more thing is necessary. Get an ordinary dry cell (price thirty cents), and connect its two posts by a couple of short wires with the two wires already mentioned, making the connection close to either end of the coherer.

Fasten the different parts of the apparatus securely to a board, for the sake of convenience; and, incidentally, attach a small electric bell (with the gong removed) to the board, close enough to the tube for the clapper to strike it. Connect the bell (which may be bought at any supply shop) by two additional wires with the posts of the dry cell aforesaid, and the entire affair will be complete.

It will be observed that by this arrangement provision is made for two distinct currents, one of which passes through the glass tube, while the other (thanks to the second loop) energizes the magnets of the bell. But the wires that enter the ends of the tube through the corks are only loosely inserted in the iron filings, and the circuit thus formed is inadequate—until there comes through the aërial wire a wave which causes the filings to "shoulder" one another for an instant. For this instant, during which the particles of iron cohere, the circuit is made complete.

The particles, indeed, would continue to cohere were it not that the clapper of the little bell keeps up a continual tapping upon the glass tube, so as to shake the filings apart. Thus, as the sender of the message from far away touches his key again and again, he produces, by means of the waves sent out through the ether, a series of impressions at the receiving end which, with the help of the tapping mechanism, are represented by the repeated making and breaking of a current. Of course, it is easy enough to record these interruptions either by a telegraph sounder attached to the wire leading from the dry cell to one end of the glass tube, or else by a telephone receiver similarly connected.

To prevent the bell-clapper from clapping all the time, when the telephone is not being used to receive the signals, and thus exhausting the



The Sending Outfit

battery, a little switch should be inserted at a break in one of the two wires leading from the dry cell to the bell.

When the instrument is not in use, this switch should be so turned as to stop the current.

A Telephone Receiver Helps

It has already been explained that the two posts of the dry cell are connected with the two wires which enter the glass tube. One of these connections is by a wire which leads from the cell to the "ground" wire, being attached to the latter close to the point where it enters the tube. This is the wire on which the telegraph sounder, or telephone receiver, is put. But the telephone is better for the uses of a beginner, who needs only to put it to his ear in order to hear the "tick-tick" sounds which convey the message.

Each "tick," of course, represents a pressure of the finger upon the key at the sending station. In certain combinations, of course, the ticks spell out words—the code used being a modification of the ordinary telegraphic system, known as the "Morse international code."

It is not hard to learn, and its principles may be found fully explained in a volume on the Electric Wave Telegraph, by Fleming.

By a simple arrangement of switches the same aërial wire may be used either for sending or for receiving messages—though for this purpose, of course, there must be a spark-coil and a coherer (the glass tube arrangement) at each end. Thus signals may be exchanged at will the distance to which they may be sent depending merely upon the power of the battery and the efficiency of the spark-coil.

Provided with such an outfit as that here described, which should not cost more than fifty dollars, two clever boys ought to be able to procure for themselves a great deal of amusement, while obtaining incidentally not a little knowledge which is likely to prove of practical usefulness.

Spring Underwear Sale

To introduce our new Underwear Department we are offering a line of the prettiest and most fashionable goods at unheard-of prices.

By special arrangement with manufacturers we are able to secure reliable underwear in the latest styles, made of the finest materials, at prices lower than local dealers usually pay for garments of the same quality.

Here are a few special values. Many others illustrated in our new White Goods Catalogue, sent FREE on request.

Gown No. 626. This attractive Night Gown, in fact the entire garment, is of fine Cambric. Short sleeves with Corset Cover lace edging. State your exact bust measure; we will send proper size.
Sizes 32 to 44 bust. Price 98 cts. Postage 13 cts.

Corset Cover No. 645. This dainty Cambric Corset Cover is fashioned to correspond with Gown No. 626. It is finished with beading and ribbons.
Sizes 32 to 44 bust. Price 49 cts. Postage 4 cts.

Underskirt No. 605. This beautiful Cambric Underskirt has a deep flounce trimmed with clusters and four rows of Torchon lace and Cambric edging. A dainty ruffle is a graceful feature. ALL MEASUREMENTS
Lengths 38 to 44 in. Price 98 cts. Postage 18 cts.

Send in a trial order. You have much to gain and nothing to lose. Remember, we refund your money if you are not entirely satisfied.

Our New White Goods Catalogue Illustrates:

Corset Covers,	24 cents to $1.25
Drawers,	24 cents to $1.48
Chemises,	39 cents to $1.48
Night Gowns,	49 cents to $1.48
Underskirts,	49 cents to $2.48
Lawn Shirt-Waists,	98 cents to $3.48
Silk Shirt-Waists,	$2.48 to $3.98
Lace and Net Waists,	$3.48 to $4.98

Write today for our new White Goods Catalogue sent free on request. It illustrates over 60 advance Spring styles of Shirt-waists and Muslin Undergarments at most attractive prices.

National Cloak and Suit Co.
214 West 24th Street, New York
Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches. Est. 15 Years

FRENCH — GERMAN — SPANISH — ITALIAN
Spoken, Taught and Mastered by the
LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD
Combined with The Rosenthal Common Sense Method of Practical Linguistry
The Latest and Best Work of Dr. Richard S. Rosenthal

[illegible] A few minutes practice each day at home will give a thorough mastery of conversation in French, German, Spanish or Italian.

Send for testimonials, booklet and letter.

THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
809 Metropolis Bldg., Broadway and 16th St., New York

CLASS PINS AND BADGES
For Society or Lodge College or School

Send us a sketch or any style or material. Read our money saving offer. Either of the two styles here illustrated with your own initials and four letters and figures, as you like, in gold and silver enamel, Silver Plate $1.00 dozen. Sample 10c. Sterling Silver $2.00 dozen. Sample 25c. [illegible] new styles in gold and silver. Satisfaction guaranteed. [illegible] Special.

Raphan Bros. Co. 21 L South Av., Rochester N. Y.

(Patented)

$513.00 Clear Profit in 51 Days from an Investment of $135.00
is the result of the operation of one of our Box Ball Alleys in Sullivan, Ind.

Here is your opportunity to start a [illegible] PAYING BUSINESS with small capital. BOX BALL is a NEW [illegible] game. Not a gambling device. It is a fascinating, healthful game for men and ladies. Every [illegible] pays. Box Ball [illegible] Nearly 3000 Alleys [illegible] Write for free booklet. Portable Alleys can be [illegible] Booklet free.

AMERICAN BOX BALL COMPANY 1300 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

STEPS AND MISSTEPS ON THE ROAD TO FORTUNE

Pluck and Trust His Start

I HAD come to New York from a hustling little city of fifteen thousand population in eastern Nebraska, looking for a job, with two hundred dollars in my pocket and absolutely indefinite ideas of what I wanted to do. An acquaintance employed as bookkeeper by a dry-goods firm listened to my case, and then said:

"Why don't you go back home and open a store?"

"What kind of a store?" I inquired.

"Why, general merchandise, dry-goods, etc."

"But," I objected, "I have no capital."

"Don't let that worry you," said he. "You have as good an equipment as dozens of men who have succeeded in the same line. Come with me."

He took me to the junior member of his firm. "Mr. Blank," said my friend, "this is Mr. Smith. He wants us to help him open a dry-goods store in the town he comes from." And he explained my condition.

Instead of laughing at the request and discharging my adviser, as I expected he would, the merchant looked me over with appraising scrutiny; then said:

"Wants credit, eh? What security?"

"Only my word that he's a square and a hustler," said my friend.

I blushed and said nothing. The bookkeeper continued: "Can't you let him have a thousand dollars' worth of goods on a year's time? You did as much for young Edwards, and look at the orders he's sending in."

The merchant hesitated.

"I'd hate to send him over to Muhlfelder's," put in my friend. "They'd let him have the stock in a minute. It's a risk, of course, but a good one."

This argument seemed to clinch things. I thought it only fair to explain that I absolutely lacked experience; but that didn't seem to worry the junior member. Calling one of his buyers, he said: "Mr. Thompson, this is Mr. Smith. Help him pick out a thousand dollars of general stock that would be likely to take the eye of the women of a small Western city."

I put in the rest of that day and all of the rest of the week with that buyer, and went back to Nebraska with a large quantity of detailed information and a generous amount of self-confidence, which, at that stage in my career, proved of even more value than the knowledge.

I succeeded. That was five years ago. I have moved twice since then, each time into larger quarters. The city's growth kept pace with my business, and now I am planning to build a store of my own. In those five years I have remained the protégé of that wholesale house, receiving invaluable advice with each shipment of goods. In return for their confidence, I am glad to say, I have paid them thousands of dollars, a fair percentage of which, I trust, was profit. —*A. P.*

The Strike of One Woman

EIGHT years of my otherwise happily married life had occasionally been interrupted by my wishing, begging, and sometimes even "nagging" my husband for a cow, but to no avail. At last I concluded that some diplomacy or even strategy would be necessary to obtain that cow. There was no ice-cream parlor in our village, and I succeeded in persuading my husband that good, pure ice cream could be profitably sold, on Saturdays and Sundays during the summer months, in the little drug-store he had recently bought.

The first two gallons of cream cost us about a dollar, and we came out just about even that time. But every one who ate the cream pronounced it excellent and promised patronage if we continued to sell cream. During the following week we purchased a line of pure flavorings and a quantity of salt. This reduced the cost of a two-gallon freezer of cream to eighty-five cents. Two gallons contained two dollars and eighty-five cents' worth of cream measured out in five-cent measures, "level-full." A placard near the serving-table guaranteed the cream absolutely pure, containing no starch.

On the second Saturday all of a freezerful was sold before closing-time at night. On Sunday another two gallons was sold. Four dollars clear profit in one week from a single article sold in a country drug-store was not to be frowned at.

For two more weeks I faithfully made ice cream. The demand for it increased, so that six gallons instead of four were usually sold. Then I concluded the time to strike had come.

"I will make no more ice cream until I get my cow," I said to my husband.

He opened his eyes in astonishment, but said, "All right, I'll have some one else to make it."

I kept silent. I had eaten the poor stuff that passes for ice cream in most country places. No one had my recipe. My husband knew this too, and never tried to have any one else make the cream. I think he thought I would give up, and it was hard not to, but Saturday came and I never mentioned ice cream.

On Monday a man was at work fencing the pasture. On Friday my cow was quietly grazing there.

Before the summer passed the cow was more than paid for from the profit on the ice cream. The milk for the ice cream, and the milk and butter we have used in the house, have far more than paid for the extra feed. We have had fine, rich cream, custards, puddings and many other things we seldom had before. Best of all, our two children have grown fat as little pigs on fresh milk and plenty of it. —*E. E.*

John and Tom

JOHN and Tom were clerks in a local freight office of a manufacturing town, and were daily in personal contact with the managers of various plants in the territory.

The largest manufacturer in the town was Mr. B——. The road did everything possible for him and the local office was ever alert to cultivate and retain his goodwill. Mr. B——'s business brought him in touch with John and Tom. The magnitude of his traffic led him to believe that the road should grant him a great many favors, nor was he always overscrupulous in his requests, for the fight with competition was fierce, and any exceptional favor was of advantage.

Now, a railroad has rules governing every condition of traffic, but shippers often resent the arbitrary application of these rules and are annoyed by what they consider petty restrictions. The pressure on a local office is to waive certain regulations, to stretch instructions a little for special favoritism here or there.

John was a quiet young man; Tom somewhat voluble. John adhered closely to the rules laid out by his superior officers. Tom was somewhat elastic. So far as accuracy and general attention to business went, John excelled. In good fellowship—a warm clasp and a genial laugh—Tom had us all beaten. In a short time I observed shippers preferred to do business through Tom, for whom B—— invariably asked.

Naturally, Tom was pleased with this attention and seemed disposed to grant everything in return, but there was often some friction in Mr. B——'s relations with John, with whom there was no circumlocution. If Mr. B——'s proposition was not feasible, John would tell him so with directness. If put to Tom, he would squirm and go through all sorts of gyrations with the sole purpose of emerging with an unimpaired reputation of good fellow. Mr. B—— showed his friendship for Tom by cigars and other small tokens, and referred to John with good-nature (but, I thought, tinctured with resentment) as the "guard of the works." Naturally Tom, under pressure of high favor, overstepped himself a number of times and brought annoyance to the office.

Finally, a change took place in B——'s establishment. Business enlarged. An assistant was needed with good pay—a big opportunity. Tom came to me in his usual high spirits and said:

"I think I shall take that place at B——'s."

"Has he offered it to you?" I asked.

"Not exactly," said Tom airily, "but it's just as good as mine. You know what a good friend of mine is B——. I had a talk with him yesterday. He's going to see. You know I've always accommodated him in every way—given him everything he asked. You can bet he will remember me."

The man selected for B——'s place was John, the reticent—"the guard of the works."

"Ingratitude," declared Tom with much warmth. "I've always given B—— everything he asked for, and he always comes to me for his favors. I've given him tips and helped him along in more ways than you know. What has John done for him? Nothing! I've violated rules and gone many times further than I should to help him out. It's the reward a man gets for being accommodating."

"For being an easy mark," said I. "Naturally B—— will expect John to handle his business as he did ours."

—*J. E. S.*

The College Collector

DURING my second year in college it became necessary for me to increase my income (I was working my way through). I remembered that I had "passed bills" when a boy, and so wrote to a firm who did a great deal of advertising and asked them for any work they might put out in our city.

I received a reply immediately in which they stated that, as they had no one in our town at present, they would send me 5000 bills at one dollar and fifty cents a thousand. These I delivered from house to house on Saturdays and after school; at first alone, then with a boy helping me. I learned that this firm was very careful whom they employed, and that their work was done honestly; and that this fact was known to other firms who did similar advertising. So, in writing to other firms to get their work, I mentioned the fact that I was doing the advertising for firm number one. In this way and other ways I soon had the advertising for about ten other firms.

As I got more to do and found that it was worth it, I asked and received two dollars a thousand, besides getting all the work of these firms in two small neighboring towns. With more to do I increased my number of boy helpers, until I had from six to ten working for me on Saturdays and after school at so much an hour. I had all that I could do to plan their work and keep a sharp eye on them that they did honest work.

My income was materially increased. Each of the ten firms would send, on an average, 5000 bills four times a year to our city, and 1000 four times a year to each of the small towns. I kept my bill business till I graduated, when I sold it to an underclassman for a good figure, who, in turn, sold it two years later. I understand the business is still in the college.—*C. R. M.*

Dollars in a Skillet

NOT many months ago a young lady from a little town up in Illinois State was visiting with my mother in this city. Our respective families have been friends for years, and this young lady always made herself at home when she came to our house. On this particular day mother and Miss B—— were at home alone, and, of course, when lunch-time came, as there were but two to prepare the meal for, they set about it together.

They wished to have ham and eggs, but did not wish the eggs fried in the same grease the ham had been fried in; consequently, they had to use two vessels to do this. Miss B—— casually remarked that it was a pity that a skillet had not been made with a partition or something so that two things could be cooked at once.

Her visit ended she went home, and one evening told her family of the incident, and one of her brothers worked out this same kind of a skillet, had it patented, and later a large manufacturing firm took a hundred gross of the patented skillet each month for eighteen months. —*O. F.*

What You Get When You Get a CADILLAC

You get a car as scientifically designed and as perfectly finished as if the reputation of this, the greatest automobile establishment in the world, depended upon *that one car*.

This painstaking care dominates to the smallest details of Cadillac construction—in the engine it is so apparent that the minutely-accurate finish of this vital part has made it a signal triumph in automobile manufacture.

The Cadillac Runabout and Light Touring Car are fitted with our wonderful single-cylinder engine, to which the dependability and remarkably low cost of maintenance of these models are chiefly attributable. By its great power, speed and hill-climbing ability, this engine proved itself so worthy in thousands of cars during the past four years that it will be used in 1907 practically without change—a fact which alone places the serviceableness of this year's cars beyond question.

Don't fail to get a demonstration—you will be surprised how great are the possibilities of the "Car that Climbs."

Model K Runabout—10 h. p.; seat, trim Victoria body; 30-inch wheels; $800.
Model M Light Touring Car—Illustrated below—10 h. p.; graceful straight line body; $950.
Model H—Four-cylinder, 30 h. p. Touring Car; $2,500.
Model G—Four-cylinder, 20 h. p. Touring Car; $2,000.
All prices F. O. B. Detroit; lamps not included.

Upon request we will send fully illustrated Booklet O, also address of nearest dealer.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO.,
Detroit, Mich.
Member A. L. A. M.

$950

$35.00 worth of Music for 50c

Home Songs. A Collection of 140 favorites, from "Annie Laurie" to "What is Home without a Mother?" Words and Music complete.

FREE. Every one who sends 50 cents for a copy of **Home Songs** will receive, *if this advertisement is mentioned*, a copy of "**The Musician**," containing 24 pages of sheet music, Songs and Piano Pieces, *FREE*

Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, Mass.

YOUR MOVE
Work for the Government
Civil Service positions pay well—the hours are generally easy
not discharged without cause
We can give you special training by mail for any civil service
Massachusetts Correspondence Schools
194 Boylston Street
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PATENTS that PROTECT
Our Books for Inventors mailed on receipt of 6cts stamps
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

IN THE OPEN

Coming Together on the Automobile Question—Federal Laws and Migratory Birds—Team Play

EVERY new gun set up on the picket-line of this electric life we are living increases our range of cares as well as our range of joys. And the automobile—latest and most utilitarian, as well as most pleasure-giving, of twentieth century gifts has brought us its full share of responsibilities.

It is the habit of some communities to inveigh against the automobile at mere mention of its name, as an outrageous public nuisance which should be outlawed—and, so far as relates to the reckless driver, I subscribe to the classification. The present year of 1907, however, will no doubt see an abatement of this menace to country walking or driving, as the prevailing legislative feeling is to replace the present penalty of fines by imprisonment. This will bring the damnific career of the criminally heedless chauffeur to a full stop. And the brake cannot be applied too soon.

But there is another and an easily-adjusted source of friction—taxation—between automobilists and "the people," in which the former have failed to receive the fair treatment to which the interest they represent is entitled. In Massachusetts both sides have been meeting to discuss proposed new measures for taxing motor cars; and I commend to the careful thought of citizens of other States the results of these meetings, because they are illustrative of the common interests which really bind us all, whether or not we own automobiles. At one meeting in particular (Springfield) which I have in mind, it developed that the owners of automobiles alone had spent something like thirty-three thousand dollars in making and in maintaining good roads in the State; that automobilists were directly responsible for the infusion of active life given to the good roads movement; that the Saturday-Sunday excursions into near-by country had stiffened the price of land and improved the roadside tavern; that little shops all along the touring line enjoyed an increased measure of prosperity.

So much to the credit of the motorists.

On the debit side, it was alleged that automobiles do greater damage to roads than any other kind of vehicle.

The Tax for the Auto.

The concrete result of these meetings is the suggestion that a moderate road tax be placed on automobiles; and it is an entirely fair and suitable one, which should bring peace and satisfaction to both sides. From the automobile owners' point of view such taxation will unquestionably be less than the repair bill resulting from travel over bad roads; while the non-automobile owner has the gratification of knowing that the money is going toward making the road passable for his early springtime teaming and immeasurably better for driving at all times of the year. And, aside from all party dispute, it is right that the automobilists should be taxed something more than others, since, as a class, they require better roads.

Several ideas have been offered as to ways and means of determining the amount of tax to be levied, but it seems to me that the fairest is one which establishes a sliding rate according to the horse-power of the machine. This is also fair as among owners of automobiles, since the high-power heavy car naturally cuts up the road much more than the lighter and lower-powered one. At Springfield it was explained that such a plan would place the average automobile tax at five dollars, with three dollars the lowest and about ten dollars the highest—surely a reasonable sum for the motorist, and at the same time one adequate to the maintenance of good roads.

Thus these gentlemen of Massachusetts, like sane and progressive American citizens, have solved a hitherto vexatious problem and shown how simple it is, after all, to reach common-sense, fair results when the representatives of the interests involved meet with a mind open to the rights of each.

"Live and let live"—a trifle old as to theory but still young as to practice; give it a chance to grow.

That was an extraordinary sentiment President Eliot expressed the other day when, in one of his accustomed explosions against football, he declared: "I have no use for a game that requires team play." Perhaps here, at last, we have the true and long-sought explanation of the extended and renewed series of football triumphs which Yale teams have achieved over Harvard elevens.

If play had no other recommendation than as a help to athletic success, its influence would never get beyond the campus; if it were shorn of its common or team elements it would not get so far as the campus. Only the unintelligent or the bigot sees no further than the season's games.

Play, right play, serves mind as well as matter—serves it the better, and on three counts. First, mental stimulation, alertness of judgment, teaching us to think and to decide quickly in moments of excitement, giving us poise; second, control of temper, following amid distractions a definite purpose unswervingly; and third, subordination of self-interest, self-glory, in united effort for a common purpose, for the common good—for the football eleven, baseball nine, crew—in a word, team play. Except in games which permit of only two contestants, I know none entitled to consideration in which team play is not only desirable, but absolutely essential to its highest development.

For Weal or Woe

And team play is the essence of the game of life. It is the quality which runs through life—the family, the business; it uplifts the husband, guides the son, impels the clerk; it stands for common effort, for common weal or woe, as opposed to individual work for self-aggrandizement, selfish exploitation. It is an element vital to success whether the subject be a university faculty, a newspaper office or a dry-goods shop. Fancy the chaos of any organization without team play!

Secretary Root, in his widely reported speech at the dinner of the Pennsylvania Society, said, among other things, that "the people of the country are coming to the conclusion that in certain important respects the local laws of the separate States are inadequate for the due and just control of the business and activities which extend throughout all the States, and that power of regulation and control is gradually passing into the hands of the National Government." I am quoting this here to emphasize its significance as relating to the protection of our migratory birds. It appears to show a clear way for Federal control, to which even the most inconsistent anti-Administration malcontent can take no exception.

With the most earnest desire to reach an end of mutual benefit it is yet practically impossible for the States of different sections, say, for example, the States of the North and of the South, or of the East and of the West, to agree upon uniform laws for the protection of wild fowl. The difference of interests, local conditions—geographical and market—combine to make uniformity on this subject out of the question so far as it is within the province of the respective States. So it happens that, among so wide a division of conflicting interests, migratory birds fail to secure the protection which gradually is being given bird life generally; and through Federal control is the only one way in which effectual protection is ever likely to be secured. A bill for this very purpose is now before Congress, and it is up to us all to urge upon Representatives and Senators our conviction of the wisdom, from the point of national economy, of making this bill a law.

This is the time when typhoid lurks in the succulent raw oyster. Beware of it! Do not let your dealer sell you oysters that have been deposited in fresh water for the purpose of swelling and whitening them. This is the process called "fattening," and, as a matter of literal fact, it destroys the oyster's natural flavor even when the fresh water is pure. When the fresh water is contaminated, as so often it is near large centres of population, typhoid results.

The newspaper commotion created by the recent action of the Henley rowing regatta stewards appears to have been a very large tempest for a rather small teapot. The Englishmen have decided that hereafter no entries will be accepted outside of the United Kingdom unless they come from a club or member of a club in accord with the Henley stewards' ethical definitions. No one will deny the obvious right of these gentlemen to make such rules as they deem necessary or desirable; it is their game in their own water. We do not have to play with them, but if we do we must expect to conform to their rules just as we insist upon foreigners conforming to our rules when they come to America.

But the honest truth is that this rule which the Englishmen have made, and which some small people in America accept as an affront, is so fair that the wonder is it has not been spread on record long ago.

Englishmen are indifferent to foreign entries, and not without reason. If Henley has become in the eyes of rowing men a world's championship, it is because the foreigners have made it so, and not through any desire of Englishmen that it should hold such position. It is natural American oarsmen should wish to test their skill against the best of England, which is the highest in the amateur world, but it will be more becoming of us to comply without objection and without criticism to such fair regulations as the Englishmen see fit to prescribe. Any American crew going to Henley and complying with the requirements demanded may feel assured of a fair race and no favor.

It would be more to our credit, I say, if our rowing enthusiasts directed their thought to the betterment of our own club rowing as to both letter and spirit of the amateur law, instead of seeking slights which the Henley stewards have not intended. On ethical grounds the rowing in our colleges leaves nothing to be desired, but while there is no flagrant professionalism in club-rowing, the spirit of the amateur law receives some rude shocks.

The Letter and the Spirit

The National Association of Amateur Oarsmen, the national governing body, is not sufficiently vigilant. It is too satisfied to rest oars on the letter and let the spirit of the amateur law shift for itself. I am sure I voice the sentiment of all good Americans in welcoming any regulation, whether of British or American origin, that will spare us the chagrin of another escapade so discreditable as that which signalized the late Henley appearance of the Vesper Club crew.

Every now and again the golden-colored pupa of the Arabian horse fad bursts its fetters and flutters forth to ravish the guileless with its bewildering sheen and its cabalistic utterances. And of learned doctors the list is long—and growing, for the path to the chambers of the esoteric passeth not understanding. You need chiefly to be on easy terms with the Anazah tribes and the Seglawi-Jedran family, with a Kehelan and Keheilet reference thrown in frequently, though incidentally and purely offhand—and there you are—accepted forthwith as of the elect.

We have been hearing a lot lately about the Arabian horse, but what about the American horse? Some of our people pour money—often good money after bad—into imported hackneys, and Arabian and French coach horses (which latter, however, are good and worth the price), and yet right here, in their own country, is the blood for developing a purely American product with which nothing in all the world of horse-flesh can compare. The insignificantly small trotter or roadster classes at the New York (national, so called) horse show is an exhibition of which we Americans should be thoroughly ashamed.

Buyers from England come to our important horse sales to secure some of this wonderful trotter blood, while we, at our national exhibition, show at least four imported hackneys to one home-bred roadster.

"FAIR-PLAY."

This Book

was read by more people during the past month than any other single book published this season.

It is working a revolution in man's comfort and safety.

It is, so far as we know, the first scientific text-book ever written on the subject of the care of the face as applied to shaving and is worth its weight in gold to any man who doesn't wear a beard. It would be worth a good deal to him, too, if he only knew it.

SEND FOR A COPY TO-DAY

Mailed Prepaid! Free of all cost to you

In the back are some pages about the Gillette Safety Razor which are worth reading, too.

A GILLETTE Safety Razor and the twelve double-edged blades that come with it will solve your shaving problem for months to come. For a blade we give from 15 to 20 clean shaves of comfort. When at last it commences to "pull" a little, throw away the blade, like an old pen, and slip in a new one. The razor itself will last a life time—extra blades cost about 2 cents a week—50 cents for package of ten.

If your dealer doesn't keep them, send us $5 for standard "time saver" plated set in Ivorine and velvet lined, leather covered case. If after 30 days' trial you are not satisfied we will refund your money.

Gillette Safety Razor

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY
206 Times Bldg., New York

Carving is Easy

if your knife is sharp. No trouble to have it so if you use the

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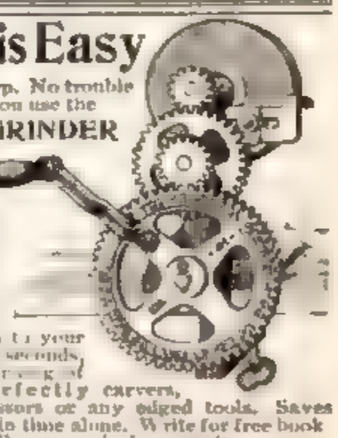

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PLAYER FOLK

The Tears of an Actress

IT HAS been said of Miss Margaret Anglin, as in fact of most other distinguished emotional actresses, that she feels little or nothing of the grief she is impersonating—that, when she comes off the stage with streaming cheeks, she is personally unmoved. According to the famous paradox of Diderot, an actor should preserve an attitude of cold detachment from even the most absorbing passion; and no doubt the artist of any sort retains always one cool chamber in his brain. But, as the following anecdote indicates, Miss Anglin has no heart of stone.

One evening lately, while making up as the heroine of The Great Divide, she picked up a one-act tragedy which she had just received from a dramatic agency. On the second page a lump came into her throat and her eyes began to fill. She forgot where she was and what she was about, so that the rise of the curtain had to be delayed ten minutes. Even after she was ready to "go on," the play haunted her with its atmosphere of grief and ghostliness. She made her entrance and cut into the dialogue half a dozen speeches too soon, then forgot her lines and generally demoralized the company, turning the act upside down. All this she wrote to the dramatic agent.

To the present writer she told the story of her finding The Great Divide. On a table at the head of her bed she always has a pile of manuscripts waiting to be read. Most often they serve to put her to sleep. When she took up Mr. Moody's play she knew nothing of it or of its author. But she read it through breathlessly, ending when the small hours were becoming quite sizable. The thing possessed her so that she was unable to get any sleep, and she breakfasted with it still on her mind.

Both on and off the stage Miss Anglin is keenly intelligent; and there is nothing any artist shuns more than the appearance of wearing his heart on his sleeve. Even that inveterate *poseur*, Byron, shocked his contemporaries by professing insensibility to those very scenes of natural grandeur which he described in the most glowing poetry. But, as Horace remarked, an artist who would make us weep must himself have the gift of tears.

Margaret Anglin as Ruth Jordon in The Great Divide, by William Vaughan Moody

Bronson Howard and John Hay

WHILE enjoying his distinction as dean of American dramatists, Mr. Bronson Howard does not forget the time when he was a common or Park Row newspaper man. Those were the days before newspaper trains and large out-of-town circulation. The time for going to press was not one, but four o'clock. At that early hour, newspaper men used to take their dinner-supper-breakfasts. Mr. Howard is still the most zealous of first-nighters, and, meeting a reportorial cub, the dramatic reporter of his old paper, the Tribune, he recalled a quondam supper club.

He and Noah Brooks and John Hay used to foregather at a certain long-forgotten eating-house and spin yarns—and then spin a coin to see who should pay for the meal. Among the triumphs of that time, Mr. Howard recalled what he styled the most frivolously immoral sentence ever published in English—which Mr. Hay wrote and printed in the sedate editorial columns of the New York Tribune. It was not discovered then; but it cannot be repeated here.

The coin they used to spin, however, was no more immoral than is usual with silver currency, being a Mexican dollar. Some years ago, Mr. Howard paid a visit to Noah Brooks, and reminded him of those Arcadian restaurant meals. Mr. Brooks was sitting at his desk, and opening a secret drawer produced the coin. Those who have a heart for times past will appreciate the sentiments of that occasion. Then Mr. Brooks produced from the same drawer a note from Mr. Hay about those times long past, but not forgotten. It said that of all his life, before or since, they were the happiest moments.

Then the curtain rang up for a new act, and the dramatic reporter went to his seat with a new sense of the value of things as they are. It is a great thing to be Ambassador to the Court of Saint James, and a greater to serve with distinction as Secretary of State to a great new democracy. But it is the best thing of all to be young and full of life, and to spin light-hearted yarns and an inflated piece of silver.

Playwrights on the Manager

ACCORDING to his friends, the author of The Heir to the Hoorah has never yet shown the playgoing public the brightest side of his talent. At a dinner of playwrights the talk turned upon the character and intelligence of theatrical managers. Sydney Rosenfeld told of a manager who refused to put on The Optimist for a series of ignorant reasons, ending with the assertion that the name alone would damn it. "But I'll bet you a dollar," Mr. Rosenfeld cried, "that you don't know the difference between an optimist and a pessimist!" "It's an optimist for the eyes," said the manager, "and a pessimist for the feet."

Mr. Armstrong then gave an account of a playwright reading his piece to a busy manager. After an act and a half of rudeness, inattention and bad temper, the manager said, "Come right down to the point: what's the big scene, the curtain of your third act?" By a process of self-hypnotism the playwright had managed to keep alive his enthusiasm. "The hero and the villain are in a balloon fighting for life. The villain grasps the gas cord and opens the throttle. The balloon is plunging to certain death in the waters of the Hudson. As it touches the surface, along comes the steam yacht Arrow—twenty-three miles an hour. The bowsprit gores the villain. The smokestack goes biff! on the gas bag, and tosses the hero up on the Riverside Drive. Saved!"

The manager looked wise. "Your play has distinguished literary quality," he said, "but it lacks action."

A Chorus-Girl Critic

THE self-consciousness of the genus homo when sitting for a photograph is a bagatelle compared to that of any class of people when they are used as literary material. After Barrie published A Window in Thrums his native town of Kirriemuir held him both an eavesdropper and a false witness. Even his mother was divided between delight in his success and contempt for those who thought such familiar details worth money. "In her gay moods," as Barrie tells us in Margaret Ogilvy, "she would say, 'I was fifteen when I got my first pair of elastic-sided boots. My charge for this important news is two pounds ten.'" Mr. James Forbes' little comedy of life behind the scenes, The Chorus Lady, has so delighted the metropolis as to win its way to triumph in the face of competition from a number of the most successful pieces on record; but to members of the chorus who have seen it it is anathema.

A club man was lately asked by a chorus-girl friend—who was rehearsing, and in consequence dead broke—if he wouldn't take her to see it. Having a sense of humor he did so and narrowly watched the effect on her. The veracity of the scenes and the piquancy of the slang of the stage kept a fashionable audience in roars of delight, but the sure-enough chorus girl did not break out a smile.

The heroine, Patricia, is being complimented on the agility of her dancing in the front rank. "Dancing!" she answers. "That's easy enough! Any one can stand on one toe and keep the other at a quarter to six, but where the art comes in is not to let your feet interfere with your smile." When the laughter had subsided, "That's no joke," said the chorus girl in the audience; "any lady with experience will tell you the same thing." The honest Patricia is donning her bargain-counter clothes in face of the sneers of a gaudily-dressed fellow-artist, the origin of whose finery is open to question. "Four ninety-eight for this," says Patricia. "Haugh!" says she of the silk and ermine; "I paid two hundred for this." Patricia retorts, "A perfect figure saves a heap of money." Again the laugh, and again the chorus girl's demurrer. "That re-party had the spring-halt ten years ago." When the host ventured to remark that the public seemed to like the show: "Like it!" his companion sneered; "breakfast-food would go with them."

A Midsummer Printer's Dream

A YOUNG newspaper man was lately complaining to Mr. J. Ranken Towse, the veteran critic of the Evening Post, of the things the composing-room made him say. Mr. Towse related the following: In writing about Annie Russell's recent production of A Midsummer Night's Dream, he had mentioned that in his youth he had seen Phelps' production of the play at Sadler's Wells, near London, and that Phelps had created the atmosphere of fairyland by means of what the compositor described in cold type as "an arrangement of gauze costumes and nicely adjusted tights." What he had written was "an arrangement of gauze curtains and nicely adjusted lights." Only the fact that the Post is an evening paper saved its sedate and proper pages from desecration.

A Very Natural Wig

IN A FASHIONABLE Turkish bath and barber shop sat a striking-looking chap, and around him a circle of admiring attendants. The head barber was in charge of the case, and on tiptoe was observing his patient, now from one side, now from the other, a pair of heated irons in his hand. On the head of the patient was being constructed an edifice in curls that would have done credit to the most celebrated of hairdressers of the eighteenth century. Presently the work was completed; the patient bent forward in the chair and surveyed himself in the glass. Then he breathed a sigh of immense relief.

"By George," he said, "that does the trick! Now, if I can keep my hat on against this wind, I believe I'll pull through all right." Then he hurried from the place.

"Who's that?" asked somebody.

"Why, that's Mr. Jefferson Winter. He's supporting Viola Allen, and his wig-maker didn't come to time."

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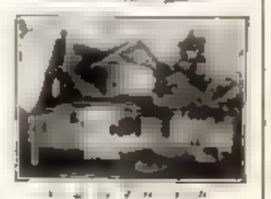

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LITERARY FOLK

THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK

The Clipped Claws of White Fang

"EAT or be eaten"; that was the great law of life that White Fang learned in the wild as a puppy wolf. The story of his development from this elemental brute to an intelligent, faithful servant of man, ready in a crisis to give up his life for his master, is done in the best Jack London manner. The earlier experiences of the wolf-dog, his struggles for food, his struggles against brute man, with vivid pictures of the stern North, are naturally the most striking parts of the story. The conversion, so to speak, of White Fang from savagery to civilization through love is more sentimental, less convincing, and less entertaining than the earlier chapters in the wolf-dog's life. It is a good story all the same, full of ideas and force as well as of feeling for the bare, elemental, physical facts of being.

But the story of White Fang is more than the tale of a wolf with a strain of dog blood in him becoming domesticated and leading a civilized and disciplined existence: it is an allegory of all human life, of the race. It pictures in the form of the wolf the emerging of the soul out of the brute animal, the training of circumstance and appetite. First there is the primal struggle to survive, the eating not to be eaten, the war against famine, the death of the weak; then comes the subordination of the savage to superior force—human, but blind and brutal, as exemplified by White Fang's first masters. And, finally, there is the conquest of the brute by love and the creation of a soul. Through these three steps the race has toiled painfully upward all these tens of thousands of years of animate life, and is but now coming into the last stage, if it has really arrived at the door as yet. Mr. London draws a glowingly optimistic picture of his wolf-dog's evolution. Could he speak as hopefully of the human brother, of the race? Perhaps man still lingers in the second stage, where, having dominated the brute forces of life, he is still dominated by superior force in the shape of his stronger and richer brother. Certain rare spirits like White Fang emerge from this brute stage and develop souls in obedience to the law of love. But the race as a whole? Perhaps—not yet. Mr. London is a good deal of a poet.

Hope Deferred

ANTHONY HOPE'S new novel, Sophie of Krovonia, has appeared in a guise unfamiliar to those who knew it only from its serial form.

The serial, it seems, was really but the second half of the book, since the owners of the serial rights held that the narrative really contained two separate stories, and that the suppressed half—a more or less unromantic picture of modern Parisian life—was not the better one. Mr. Hope has a way of doing that sort of thing, as all readers of Phroso and The Indiscretion of the Duchess will remember. But it is safe to say that the author prefers the earlier portion, since it is an open secret that he takes his realism seriously, and writes romance simply because the public insists upon it.

The Third Generation

A CARPING British critic, recently complaining that America had produced few masters of English, explained the trouble thus: "But, after all, the United States is still a new country. The grandparents of most Americans spoke other tongues than English, and so it is scarcely to be wondered at that America has to-day few living masters of English prose such as William Dean Howells."

Our critic chose, as it happens, a rather unfortunate example to prove his case. Mr. Howells, in a recent letter, says:

"My grandmother Dean's maiden name was Dock, and she was of pure Pennsylvania German stock, though whether primarily from the Palatinate or from Holland (as some of the family think) I do not know. She could not read English, but had her old Luther Bible. On my father's side I am, as my name shows, pure Welsh."

Hall Caine, Thinking

More Caine

SOMEBODY, in complimenting George Moore on his description of the Derby in Esther Waters, asked him what he thought of Hall Caine's account of Derby Day.

"I heard he'd tried that," said Moore, "so I bought the book. You may judge of his accuracy by the fact that he has the horses weighed instead of the jockeys."

A Story for the Bromides

MR. FOX'S new novelette, The Knight of the Cumberland, is decidedly pretty, chivalrous, dainty—the thinnest piece of gauze between covers that has been fed to the public for some moons. The Kentucky mountains, Mr. Fox's personal field, are washed in plentifully for a water-color background, with sketches of primitive cabins, and mountain folk, and moonshine whisky. An Ivanhoe tournament, with a disguised outlaw as the successful knight, is the chief novelty. Mr. Fox's sense of the proprieties does not permit him to hand over the New York fascinator who serves as heroine to the Wild Dog of the mountains. Instead he gives her to the defeated rival, a more sophisticated person, who is an engineer in a mine. There is nothing disturbing to the nerves in this little tale; it may be taken safely as a bromide night or morning with tranquilizing effect.

What is Justice?

EVERY bad citizen, certainly, and some of the good ones, should read Arthur Train's The Prisoner at the Bar. He will learn from that entertaining book something fresh and veracious about the complex machine that Society maintains to protect itself from the criminal classes. In the first place, he will learn that the professionally criminal class is an exceedingly small one and does not occupy much of the courts' attention. The machinery of justice is kept busy with accidental wrong-doers, occasional transgressors, and petty offenders. According to Mr. Train's experience in the courts of the largest city in the country, there is practically no corrupt justice. But there is much haphazard and arbitrary justice: in fact, the hardest task human beings can set themselves is to do exact justice to their fellowmen. Mr. Train makes it plain that justice in most cases, no matter what pains the prosecuting attorney, the judge and the jury may take, is an uncertain affair, affected by accidents, prejudices and temperaments. What the prisoner at the bar may hope to get is "substantial justice"—sometimes. Nevertheless, this great imperfect machine has to grind on, sifting, in its rough fashion, the human chaff from the wheat, letting the big, rich or clever criminal slip through its hands and grinding the petty offender extremely fine. The big scoundrel may be the worse curse to humanity, but the small criminal is the more obvious nuisance.

Hence Society must pay its chief attention to the small fry.

The Heart and the Law

THERE are many business stories in this winter's crop of novels; almost all contemporary American fiction shows the enveloping influence of business, either in character or plot. The only wonder is that this tendency should have been so slow in showing itself in popular literature; for business, in one way or another, is the main thing in American life for men and, incidentally, for women. Man's relation to his food supply is a more permanent fact than Love, and more exciting. There are few writers so competent to handle the business side of American life as Mr. Will Payne: he does not have to get it up for his novels by a trip to Wall Street or a perusal of Mr. Hearst's papers. When Love Speaks, his new novel, is a good story, both in business and in love. Mr. Payne has taken a small Michigan town as the scene of this book, and he has done well in abandoning the big stage. Saugenac, with its whisky ring, its local magnates and its local scoundrels, its retired Senator and its horse show, is as important and typical as New York or Chicago or Washington, and a good deal more distinct. The love story shows a fine sense of human tragedy in the contrasting natures of Dennis Donovan, the easy-going, tender-hearted hero, and his Puritan wife of narrower sympathies. Donovan, who puts the law of love above the claims of the district attorney's office, who feels the bond of human fellowship more compelling than the cold law of the statute books, is human to the core. In interpreting this character Mr. Payne has added something to the gallery of national types. This sort of man is of the stuff that makes grafters sometimes, and yet he is not a grafter, rather a good fellow and a useful citizen. But he recognizes more kinds of claims on him than does his less sympathetic wife, to whom right is always one kind of right.

One of the Chill-Starters

RELATIVELY, everybody wants to know all about the writer of serious fiction and nothing about his fiction itself, whereas, on the other hand, everybody wants to know about the fiction of the sensational novelist and never stops to inquire into the sensational novelist's life. Perhaps there is some reason for this. Most writing-men seem to require a certain amount of excitement. Those who can do so, actually experience it, and then write quietly; those who can't, live quietly and devise adventure with pen in hand. The latter is the case of Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter.

Before Mr. Gunter encountered the microbe of the thriller, he was leading the Simple Life. He went to St. Paul's School, among the hills of New Hampshire, and the San Francisco School of Mines. Just as he came of age, in 1868, he got a job as civil engineer on the Central Pacific. Then he turned his eyes toward mining; was a chemist in the California Assay Office and a mine-superintendent in Utah. From that he drifted logically to the business of stockbroker, and, going to New York in 1879, naturally found the step an easy one from the stockbroker's prospectus to the book of the thousand thrills.

"Yust Kept Diggin' Holes"

WHEN Rex E. Beach was in Seattle, he was one evening the guest of the Writers' Club, which he was asked to address. He declined any speech-making, but signified his willingness to answer any questions the club members wished to ask.

"Mr. Beach," inquired one lady, "to what one thing do you attribute your success?"

The author looked thoughtful for a moment, when his face lighted up with a smile as he replied: "I can best answer that by telling you a story of a Swede in Alaska. He was the owner of several rich mines, and friends and acquaintances were always wondering how he managed to become so successful. One night they asked him.

"'Ay never tolt anybody before,' he said, 'but now Ay will tell you. Ay yust kept diggin' holes.'"

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THE SIAMESE CAT

(Continued from Page 9)

wall. It was very high; he fell back, leapt again, clawed his way upward, fell back, persevered in leaping and scratching.

Had maledictions any force, Chao Phya never would have lived to do this; for Scarlett, racing in pursuit, had panted them so long as he could spare the breath. Trusting in the invariable delay of steamers, he had -to the amazement of Laura and her aunt—sprung down the gangway and across the docks. Fresh hope had changed to fresh rage, as he saw that crouching, fawn-and-seal-brown imp thread uncaptured among the chattering natives, wriggle from under a Chinese boy, outstrip a Tamil, and at last—so nearly taken unawares at his toilet—gallop free down the alley. "Back aboard ship," Owen had told himself after each failure; and, as often, disgust at losing the sole reward for all their trouble and danger goaded him to another last attempt. "Just once more," he was saying; as if Fortune agreed, he saw Chao Phya caught up by the native in the *dhoti*.

"I want that cat," he panted, to a dim figure that squatted by the pulsing coal of the *hookah*. "He's mine. Quick! Hand him over!"

Gobind Dass rose and salaamed in the bitter smoke. Smiling, fawning, he submitted to the Sahib that there was no cat. How should there be a cat? See, there was nothing in this shop ——

"Five dollars," cried Owen. "Come! Hurry!"

Then, while he fumed, he heard a thin, silvery jingle within. "Oh, *zoolum!*" cried the shopkeeper. What violence and stronghand!—for Owen had shoved him aside, plunged through the smoke, and torn open the door of the inner chamber.

Brown hindquarters and a ruffled tail struggled over the edge of the little window and vanished.

Wrenching open the back door, he ran out. In the dusk, through effluvia of Asiatic cooking, he sped after a small, furtive shadow that flitted, with tantalizing ease and swiftness, between disorderly skeleton lines of half-woven baskets.

It scuttled round the corner, into a noisy street. Already the giant lanterns glimmered before Chinese shops. Evening gossips, squat on their haunches along the curb, broke into ripples of laughter, as the red-faced young European panted by, hot and scowling, at the heels of a worthless cat. The laughter rose to a cackle when Owen, gaining, stooped and snatched, to miss by a hand's breadth, while Chao Phya again hoisted tail and loped away in terror.

The chase spread merriment thus for a furlong or two, the cat loitering and spurting with diabolic humor. Even British bluejackets, racing their *rickshaws* against each other, cheering, and flogging the coolies with their canvas hats, found time to grin, wave passing encouragement, or shout satirical advice: "Stern chase, guv'nor!" . . . "Ooray!" . . . "Salt on 'er tail!" . . . "Stole away!" . . . "Well run, puss!"

Chao Phya led by some thirty yards. But suddenly, before a whitewashed building, a burly, little man in sailor's clothes jumped before him, blocked him with a ready foot, and scooped him up handily.

Breathless, Owen came to a halt. "Ten dollars for the cat!" he cried. "The chase makes him worth it," he added.

The sailor looked at the animal. Then a grin widened his mouth. "'E's your cat," he answered.

Scarlett pulled out the money, snatched the prize and ran. But in sight of the docks he pulled up, and, in a fury of resignation, acknowledged defeat. The ship was gone - Laura was gone

Alone in the Orient, a disconsolate figure, he slowly made his way home

In his bedroom, jotting down his needs for a new wardrobe, he reflected. "You're all that's left me, Chao. But we had a merry evening, didn't we?"

The cat stared up with pale, distrustful eyes, yawned, lifted his nose in a sleepy stretch. His collar shone in the lamplight. The middle bell was missing.

CHAPTER VIII

COLOMBO was long to figure in Scarlett's mind as a Delphic city, hidden behind innumerable sunsets toward which his ship crawled with sluggish keel, bringing the weightiest question in the Orient: Should he ever see Laura? This uncertainty, assuming the various guises of confidence, despair, resignation, prolonged and embittered his westward course; till at last the oracle gave answer, in a G. O. H. envelope, inscribed with the same handwriting that had saved his life two thousand miles away.

Colombo was a joyful place; and the Clock Tower Light winked a knowing farewell. Nothing else had mattered. She was not yet lost. Her letter closed: "So we shall go up the Nile at least to Assouan, and then return to Port Said and take ship for Marseilles. As that will be about the fifteenth of next month, can't you overtake us there?"

All went happily, he reflected, as the ship slid out of the Bitter Lakes, past Serapium, and on between the desolate banks of the canal. For two days yet no ship would leave Port Said for Marseilles. He was sure to find her. Chao Phya, in snug quarters below, was sleeping out the voyage. The middle bell, to be sure, was gone. Only the shank of the bell, nipped off as by strong pincers, remained to prove that their past adventures were not a dream. Whether Ho Kong had won, whether Borkman had kept it and survived, or, dying, had given it to his friend Justine, they would never know. What odds? thought Scarlett; one jewel the less—not worth a grain of this tawny dust where, on the rim of Egypt, he should meet Laura.

It was high, dry noon by the desert sun when—among the crowded hulls of the world, Greek, Welsh, Italian, Russian, Khedivial, jostling in a black smudge of smoke and coal dust—his steamer crept to her moorings in the canal mouth. And as fast as his Arab could row to the quay, Scarlett made for the shipping offices. All remaining doubts he soon resolved; for there, booked among the next week's sailings, he found the names of Aunt Julia and her niece. He dispatched a dragoman for his trunks, brought Chao Phya ashore, mewing, in a basket, and settled down at the least dingy hotel in Port Said to wait with content.

As he gave in his name, the manager surprised him by saying:

"Your friend has expected you. He has inquired several times."

"What friend?" asked Owen. The manager could not remember—was not sure that the gentleman had given his name; but he was a tall man, clean shaven, of military appearance, though very pale—in fact, plainly an invalid. He had spoken, said the manager, as though he lived in Alexandria.

No one in the roll-call of memory answered to the description; no one in all Egypt, save Laura and her aunt, knew that Scarlett was to pass even through that part of the world; and he was puzzled not a little. When the days lagged by, however, and brought no news of the stranger, Owen gave up the matter as a mistake.

On the night before the Holborows should arrive he entered his bedroom and turned on the light. There along the wall stood his trunks and bags, yawning open, their contents tumbled in disorder. The former attempt of Ho Kong recurred to him so vividly that he unbolted the shutters of the French window and stepped out quickly, as though half expecting to see again the plump goldsmith's clerk. But this time the long, dark veranda was empty.

As midnight was now past, the intruder could have had choice of the four hours since dinner. For his pains he had got little enough. He had left all of Scarlett's few valuables, but taken his revolver and cartridges, and—strangest of all—had cut in two every cake of soap in the room, had poured into a basin a pint of excellent brandy, had flayed half the leather from the flask itself, and torn to shreds every one of fifty fat, black Indian cigars. It seemed the mischief of an ape or a madman.

He reported to a sleepy Arab, received his vain protestations, and was soon in bed. Sleep, however, came reluctantly. Long thoughts of the morrow filled his mind, of how he should meet Laura, of what they should tell each other; then these grew confused, and gave way to a weary half sleep.

It must have been toward morning that he found himself awake, and wondering. The room was flooded with light. He rolled over, and through blur of sleep and haze of mosquito curtain saw, sitting at the table in the middle of the room, a stranger in gray flannels. The trembling brilliancy of the drop-light swung just above the close-cropped head. They eyed each other in silence for a moment. "The stranger from Alexandria," was Owen's first rational thought; for his visitor was tall, square-shouldered, with a hard, imperious face, clean of feature and pale as with a mortal sickness. The thin lips drooping cynically at the corners, the deep, parenthetic gravings in either cheek, not only gave the face a cruel look, but bespoke a man tugged of fortune. Both the broad forehead and the heavy-shadowed eyes, alert and thoughtful, were curiously familiar. The stranger smiled.

"Don't know me, do you, Mr. Scarlett?" he said with the voice of Borkman. "Good-morning."

The surprise brought also a presentiment of disaster. Owen stared, incapable of speech.

"One's beard does make a difference, doesn't it?" said the other amiably. "But I see you know my voice. No way of shaving that off, is there? Unfortunate, because the farther west of Suez we go the more persons know me whom I'm not anxious to meet again. However, I'm hoping we part company to-night—this morning, rather."

"What do you want?" asked Owen, sitting up.

"What do you suppose?" laughed Borkman. "What *could* have brought me all this way to see you, when the doctor said it would finish me to move? What took me down to visit your cat in the cellar of 'this battered caravanserai'? Eh? What made me go through all your things this evening—soap, flask, boot-heels, shaving-brush handle, cigars, the whole *sub chis—and* your clothes since you've been asleep? Come now, you're by no means an ass. I used to believe I wasn't, till that morning I lost my temper aboard the *Muang-Pang*. That was my misplay in this game, wasn't it?"

"If you mean the ruby that Ho Kong told me about," said Owen, "I haven't it. I've never even seen it."

Borkman shrugged his great shoulders, but stopped with a twitch, as of pain.

"That hurt my side," he remarked. "The thing's barely healing. So you've never seen it, eh? Naturally, that's the first light in which you'd wish to view the affair. Please reconsider. I've another argument to bring forward later, if necessary."

"I haven't it," repeated Owen. "You've taken your journey for nothing. I've thought either you had it, or the goldsmith's clerk."

"Think again," said Borkman satirically. "When you saw Ho Kong cutting me up there in the carriageway, I'd just come from bribing the cat out of the servants' quarters. There wasn't light enough or time enough for me to unlock the collar or cut it off. As for the goldsmith's coolie, he hopped out of those bushes and knifed me like winking. The beastly cat jumped straight out of my arms into yours. Well?"

"I didn't know that," said Owen. "That makes it more of a puzzle than ever." He recounted briefly his dealings in Singapore. "So you see you're here for nothing."

"Interesting story, and well told," admitted Borkman, smiling. "Only I don't believe a word of it. Now, it's time you saw things in that other light I spoke of. Here's what may persuade you." He withdrew his hand from the table, and disclosed a black, polished object—the missing revolver. "I should regret using this, both for your sake and my own. But my affairs are at such low ebb, nothing can make them much worse. And the thing itself is a good, tidy fortune. I'll give you one minute to tell where you've stowed it. Then, if you are still stubborn, I'll begin firing promptly, and the odds are I'll pot you first shot. You'd best not move in the mean time."

He unhooked his watch, laid it on the table, and studied it for an instant, like a lecturer preparing to speak by the dial.

"Minute begins now," he announced. The ticking sounded loud and distinct.

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"You don't dare to, in this hotel." Owen managed to speak calmly.

"Don't I?" retorted Borkman. "Wait and see. I'll put the revolver beside you, leave this good-by chit for the girl you know how well I do your handwriting; wish there were time to read you my bit of composition—then go out by the veranda, bolt the shutters in the same way that I unbolted them. No one else on your floor. Clear case, eh? *Felo de se?*" Grinning, he bent toward the watch. "Half-time. Anything to say?"

"I give you my word of honor," said Owen slowly, "that I've never seen the stone, that I haven't it now, and that I don't know where it is."

The pale face, strange and yet well-known, regarded him, unchanging, from beneath the light. The tiny voice of Time continued, brisk as a cricket. A sense of monstrous unfairness oppressed him, that on the eve of rejoining Laura this could happen, and for something that he had neither sought nor possessed.

"Past three-quarters," said Borkman. He raised the eloquent cold muzzle. "Feel like saying anything?"

"What's the use?" rejoined Scarlett angrily. "I gave you my word of honor."

A few seconds of silence followed; then Borkman lowered his hand.

"Wish I had a drink," he grumbled. "Haven't had one since the doctor cut me off. Might as well, though. As you say, what *is* the use? D—n it, youngster!" he tossed the pistol on the table, nodding vigorously, with an air of disgust—"do you know, I believe you. Wish I didn't. Wish I had a drink. No, it wasn't courage on your part . . . or lying it out . . . just the truth. I felt that . . . because I'd put you in a blue funk."

"You'd not!" cried Owen disdainfully.

"Then why, to be precise, are you trying to rip down the curtain?"

For the first time Owen was aware that his hand, raised and full of torn mosquito gauze, was trembling violently.

"Don't attempt lying," advised the big man with a contemptuous chuckle. "You can't. Rum things, these words of honor." He snapped the chain back on his watch, stood musing, then added with a note of wonder: "My word, I've seen them make a man act against his own interest—mind you, his own interest. Funny things . . ."

He pondered again, shaking his cropped head.

"So Giles Borkman is on his blooming little beam-ends," he continued. "That stone . . . the only perfect pigeon-blood I've ever seen; even badly cut, it was a fortune. Well, makee finish! The pockmarked coolie has it, I dare say, or the other Chinaman. Yes, that's where it's gone. They followed us down to the Straits, just as Ho Kong did; and if I could bribe the servants that evening, why, so could they—and before I arrived."

He looked very white and old as he stood there, a tired giant, stroking, by force of habit, his bare chin.

"Not all beer and skittles, is it?" he inquired, eying Scarlett as though out of a revery. "I mean my sort of pidgin, you know. Now, it's back to the East again. There's a Bibby to sail this morning early. God knows what next . . . perhaps I'll makee finish myself, eh? Had some queer thoughts lately, lying on my back so long. By the way, tell the ladies that their shipmate, the invalid gentleman, sends them his salaam. I traveled all the way here with them, knowing you'd turn up, of course."

He edged closer to the table, picked up the revolver, snapped it open, jingled the cartridges in his palm.

"You never can tell just how far to trust these word-of-honor persons, after all," he explained. "Words of honor! Anyway, good-by, my boy."

Something in the painful movements, the downcast face, the air of defeat, evoked a kindly feeling as Owen replied:

"Good-by. I wish you luck, Borkman, and a better pidgin."

"Don't preach," he answered with a grimace. "That's how you have always made me tired. Thanks, all the same."

He unhooked the door, went out, and closed it. Suddenly, opening it again, he thrust in his head, and fixed the young man with a long scrutiny.

"I don't see what it is about you," he declared, as if in deep perplexity. "Why didn't I pull trigger then? Humph! And do you recall kicking me once? What do you think? Turned Christian, or am I fey? You're beyond me. . . . And yet, talk of your open books ——"

He withdrew his head, shut the door, and departed. After a space, however, he returned and looked in once more, grinning sourly:

"That must be the reason why you can never read any one else. That Holborow girl—nice little thing; may interest you to know, she's head over heels in love with a young idiot."

This time he was gone forever, leaving Scarlett bolt upright, with his mind in a whirl.

And yet this final message, which at the dawn was worth all the dangers he had passed, became by daylight the palest mockery and dream; for that afternoon, as he walked with Laura, it did not in the least encourage or avail him. Their ship was to sail next morning; Aunt Julia was dispatching a multitude of letters; they had shared half the bright day. He had unfolded the full history of Chao Phya and the lost ruby of Burmah; the cat himself now trotted with them along the Quai François Joseph, as they gave him, with fluctuating success, his first lesson in following to heel; nothing remained for Owen but to tell his own story; yet the sun was drawing down behind Lake Menzaleh, and still their talk idled in generalities. Never, of any one in his life before, had he been so afraid.

They loitered out on the long breakwater, and passed beside the pedestal on which the bronze De Lesseps, stiff and commonplace, waves clumsy permission to sailor nations who hold the gorgeous East in fee. Four times, between this statue and the end of the breakwater, Owen began; and four times Laura, constrained and wary, slipped away like the poet's filly in the fields.

"How large a ruby could they put inside the bell?" she asked irrelevantly.

"Who cares?" said Owen. "But I'll show you."

An old Arab perched on the edge, fishing—a little heap of bait beside him, and his provender of unripe dates forming a vermilion puddle in the sunlight. He lent his knife courteously, with a wrinkled smile.

Owen caught up Chao Phya, and pried at one of the remaining bells.

"Do be careful!" commanded Laura. "You'll cut him. You wouldn't care, would you? Men don't like cats."

The edges of the cockle-shell began slowly to gape.

"Love me, love my dog," said Owen suddenly, looking up. "That holds, even with a Siamese cat. Laura . . ."

His voice trembled. Both had turned a little pale, and the girl, studying the broad squares of stone, would have drawn away. But they stood now at the outermost verge; and, as he continued speaking, she could find no way of escape. The moist wind fluttered her skirts. The dark waves of the Mediterranean, mother sea of our anxious western world, danced toward them from the sunset.

Something tinkled at their feet. In their happy trouble and confusion they glanced down.

Ho Kong had fooled them one and all, had played his own hand and lost; for there, on the warm-lighted granite, shone a pebble brighter than the dates, brighter than the blood it had cost.

"Oh!" cried Laura, her eyes wide and frightened. She had stepped back as if from a cockatrice. "Look, Owen! What . . ."

He stooped, caught it up, and held his closed hand over the water that plashed below.

"Unless you hear me out now," he threatened, "I'll throw it in."

(THE END)

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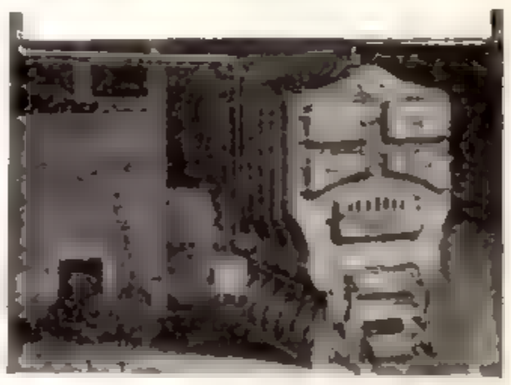

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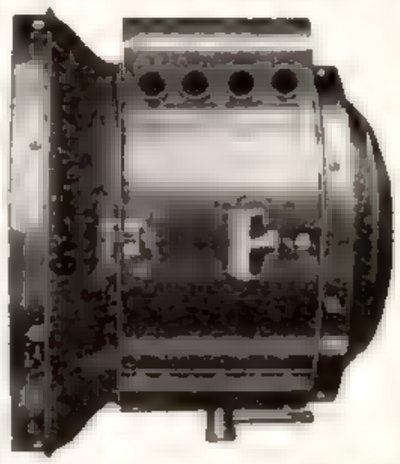

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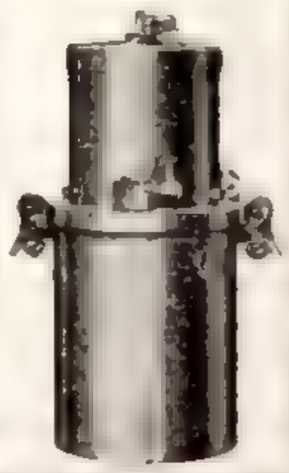

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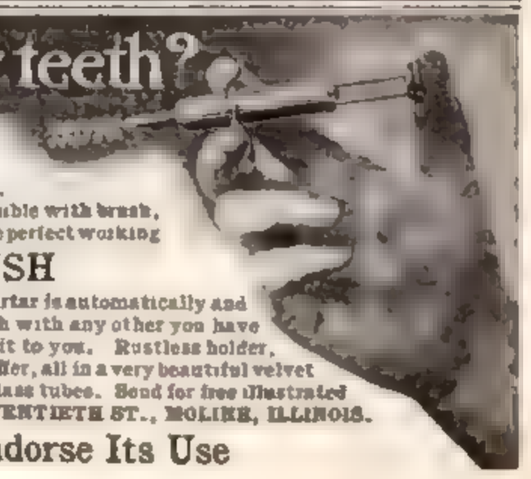

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THE TREE OF DREAMS

(Continued from Page 6)

such sentiment. His astonishment at himself overcame even the reaction which turned his face red. She, too, surprised, looked at him unconvinced.

"What have I to do with it?" she inquired.

"The fact is," he said impressively, as though the intelligence were well worth sharing with her, "I have been rather lonely."

"Have you?" she asked, wide-eyed. "So have I. But I usually am."

"I wish you had said so!"

"How could I? And to whom?"

They said nothing more for a while. The sunlight, filtering through the Tree of Dreams, glimmered on her hair. Her eyes, darker in the shadow, dwelt tranquilly upon the waste of thick, tall grass which the languid breezes furrowed now and then.

"Do you mind my offering you my friendship?" he asked at length; "for that's what I'm doing."

"No, I don't mind," she replied listlessly. "Other men have done that."

"Will you accept—this time?"

"Shall I?" she asked, raising her clear eyes. "Shall I? I have been here two years—and I have made no friends."

She folded her unringed hands on her knees, examined them with calm inattention and said: "After a while, I suppose, a girl becomes partly stupefied under the strain of it all—the tension of self-respecting silence. Two years of self-suppression! Even pickpockets receive a sentence more humane. Shall I try your remedy?"

"It would be very jolly to see each other, now and then," he said, so pleasantly that she smiled at his simplicity

"What about the conventions?" she inquired, amused. "Still, after all, what has a girl to do with conventions who lives as I live? Her problem is a great deal simpler than to bother with usages." There was a defiant smile hovering about eyes and lips—a hint of recklessness in the bright color rising under his gaze: "A girl can't live and flourish on silence."

"You always hurry past me when we meet ——"

"But surely you didn't expect me to invite you to a seat on the stairs, did you?"

"I wish you had."

"Then why didn't *you* invite *me*?" she asked with a gay audacity new to him. For, in the summer sunshine of the moment, she was forgetting all except the pleasure of the moment and its pretense that the old order of things had returned. Sunshine and green grass and the sophisticated city breeze in the leaves above—youth, and ardent health, and one of her own kind to speak to after the arid silence of these sad months—what wonder that she willfully forgot? What wonder that she dared to breathe and laugh again, drifting and relaxing in the moment's merciful relief from a tension that had benumbed her to the verge of actual stupidity?

Afterward, in her room, the relaxed strain tightened again. She realized their acquaintance was only an episode—she knew his advent here was but a caprice. But it was an interim that gave her a chance—a brief vacation in which she might breathe for a moment before the inevitable returned again to submerge her. And she meant to enjoy it with all her heart—every moment, every atom of sunshine, every bright second of respite from what she actually dared look forward to no longer.

That first meeting under the ailanthus tree was only one of a sequence.

At first, when he came sauntering across the grass, she politely laid aside her work—dissertation on flounces and napkins and old mahogany and the care of infants, and what Heppelwhite knew about table-legs, and why Sheraton is usually saluted as Chippendale.

Later, she continued her work unembarrassed as long as she was able to concentrate her mind under the agreeable little shock of pleasure which his advent always brought to her.

"How did you find out all about such things?" he asked curiously, looking over her manuscripts with her shrugged permission.

"All about what things?"

"These—ah—crooked-legged tables and squatty chairs?"

"I had them—once."

"I see," he said gravely. Then, with embarrassed hesitation, but very nicely: "There must have been a pretty bad smash up?"

She nodded.

"Ah—I'm awfully sorry. Hope it's going to come out all right—some day."

"Thank you." But she continued to be brief and uncommunicative, never volunteering anything.

In the days when she became accustomed to his coming to find her under the tree, she ventured to continue her writing, merely greeting him with a nod of confidence and pleasure. And so he fell into the habit of bringing his own impossible plans and elevations to the vacant lot. And often, biting her pencil reflectively, she would cast side glances at him where he lay, flat in the grassy shade, drawing-board under his nose, patiently constructing lines and angles and Corinthian capitals and Romanesque back doors. He was a very, very poor draftsman; even she could see that.

"I'm doing this for a man who means to build a big tower on this lot," he explained cheerfully. "I've a notion he will be delighted with this plan of mine."

"Oh, is he going to cut down your Tree of Dreams!" she exclaimed, raising her eyes in dismay.

He looked up at the tree, then at her. "By Jove! it is a pity, isn't it?" he said, "after the jolly hours we have spent out here."

"Perhaps he won't build his tower until after—after ——"

"After what?"

"After we—you and I have forgotten all about this tree ——" She hesitated. Then calmly—"and each other. Which, of course," she laughed, "means no tower at all!"

He sat so long silent, preoccupied with his drawing, that she thought he had forgotten her rather foolish observations.

But he hadn't; for he said in a troubled voice: "There's a way—a way of taking up big trees. I'll ask him to do it. I don't want it chopped down."

"You're afraid of angering the dragon!" she said, laughing. "What use could such a man have for an old ailanthus tree? Besides, where could he plant it?"

"There's a place I know of," he said. "I'll speak to him. . . . No; it wouldn't do to have our Tree of Dreams cut down ——"

"It's not *my* tree," she said, looking down at her pencil; "it's yours."

"It *is* yours," he insisted. "You found it, and I found you under it."

"Oh, it's mine because I found it?" she mocked gayly, "and, I suppose, I'm yours because you found me under it."

Her tongue had run away that time. She checked her badinage, picked up her pencil with an admirable self-possession that admitted nothing, and scribbled away in calm insouciance. Only the heightened brilliancy of her cheeks could have undeceived the adept. Smith was no adept; besides, he was thinking of other matters.

"Do you know," he said solemnly, "that I am going away for about a week?"

She congratulated him without raising her head from her writing-pad. That was pure instinct, for the emotion she had detected in Smith's voice was perfectly apparent in his features.

Smith gazed at her for a long time, during which she grew busier and busier with her pencil, and more oblivious of him.

The intellectual processes of Smith were, at times, childlike in their circuitous simplicity.

"Do you think I'm a good draftsman?" he asked.

"I don't know; are you?" she asked, numbering a fresh sheet of her pad.

"Why, you've seen my drawing!" he reminded her, a little hurt. "I think I am a good draftsman. I could probably earn about a hundred and twenty dollars a month."

"You are very fortunate," she murmured, rubbing out a sentence.

"A hundred and twenty dollars a month is enough for anybody to marry on," he continued. "Don't—you think so?"

"It is probably sufficient," she said carelessly.

"Do *you* think it is?"

"I haven't considered such matters very seriously," she said. "It will be time when

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I am earning a hundred and twenty dollars a month. And I'm not likely to earn it if you continue to interrupt me."

Smith turned red; presently he tucked his drawing-board under his arm and stood up.

"I'm going," he said. "Good-by."

She nodded her adieux pleasantly, scarcely raising her head from her work.

But when Smith had disappeared she straightened up with a quick, indrawn breath and stared across the grass at the blank, brick walls. After a long while she dropped her tired shoulders back against the trunk of the Tree of Dreams, reclining there inert, blue eyes brooding in vacancy.

Meanwhile, Smith had locked up his room, gone home for the first time in two months, telephoned for a stateroom on the Western Limited, and sent for Kerns, who presently arrived in an electric cab.

"I'm going to Illinois," said Smith, "tonight."

"The nation must know of this," insisted Kerns; "let me telegraph for fireworks."

"There'll be fireworks," observed Smith—"fireworks to burn presently. I'm going to get married to a working-girl."

"Oh, piffle!" said Kerns faintly; "let's go and sit on the third rail and talk it over."

"Not with *you*, idiot. Did you ever hear of Stanley Stevens, who tried to corner wheat? I think it's his daughter I'm going to marry. I'm going to Chicago to find out. Good Heavens, Kerns! It's the most pitiful case, whoever she is! It's a case to stir the manhood in any man. I tell you it's got to be righted. I'm thoroughly stirred up, and I won't stand any nonsense from you."

Kerns looked at him. "Smith," he pleaded in sepulchral tones; "Smithy! For the sake of decency and of common-sense ——"

"Exactly," nodded Smith, picking up his hat and gloves; "for the sake of decency and of common-sense. Good-by, Tommy. And—ah!" indicating a parcel of papers on the desk, "just have an architect look over these sketches with a view to estimating the—ah—cost of construction. And find some good landscape gardener to figure up what it will cost to remove a big ailanthus tree from New York to the Berkshires. You can tell him I'll sue him if he injures the tree, but that I don't care what it costs to move it."

"Smith!" faltered Kerns, appalled, "you're as mad as Hamlet!"

"It's one of my ambitions to be madder," retorted Smith, going out and running nimbly downstairs.

"Help!" observed Kerns feebly as the front door slammed. And, as nobody responded, he sat down in the bachelor quarters of J. Abingdon Smith, a prey to melancholy amazement.

When Smith had been gone a week Kerns wrote him. When he had been gone two weeks he telegraphed him. When the third week ended he telephoned him, and when the month was up he prepared to leave for darkest Chicago; in fact he was actually leaving his house, suit-case in hand, when Smith drove up in a hansom and gleefully waved his hand.

Smith beckoned him to enter the cab. "I'm going home to put on my old clothes," he said. "It's all right, Tom. I've been collecting old furniture, tons of antique chairs and things. They were pretty widely scattered at the sale two years ago ——"

"What sale, in the name of sanity?" shouted Kerns.

"Why, when Stanley Stevens failed to corner wheat he shot his head off before they pounced on his effects. I managed to find most of the things. I've sent them to my place, Abingdon, and now I'm going to ask her to marry me."

"Oh, are you?"

"Certainly. And, Kerns, if she will have me it will be for my own sake. Do you know what she thinks? She thinks I'm a draftsman at thirty dollars a week. Isn't it delightful? Isn't it perfectly splendid?"

"Dazzling," whispered Kerns, unable to utter another word.

Smith's progress was certainly rapid. When he arrived at the door of his tenement lodgings he fairly soared up the stairs, flight on flight, until he came to the top.

The door of his neighbor's room stood open and he impulsively crossed the hallway, but there were only two men there moving out a table, and his slender, blue-eyed neighbor was nowhere visible.

"What's that for?" he inquired. "Is Miss Stevens moving?"

"No, but her table is," said one of the men.

Something about the proceeding kept Smith silent. He saw one of the men drop his end of the table, close the door, lock it, and hang the key on a nail outside.

"That isn't safe," said Smith. "I'll take charge of the key until Miss Stevens returns."

He unhooked it, and, turning, let himself into his own room but left the door ajar.

Two flights down the table drawer dropped out, dumping a pile of yellow manuscript on the stairs.

"Glory!" panted one of the movers; "that's hers. Take it up and leave it with the guy in the glasses, Bill."

And so it happened that Smith, standing outside on his fire-escape for a breath of air, returned to find a mass of yellow manuscript littering his bed.

Wondering, he picked up the first sheet, saw his own name in her handwriting, stared and sat down in astonishment to read. Suddenly his face burned fiery red, and, as long as he sat there, the deep color remained throbbing, scorching him anew with every page he turned.

After a long while he dropped the sheets and returned to the first page. It was dated in June, the day after his arrival.

He was slowly beginning to understand the matter now. He was beginning to realize that this manuscript had been placed in his room by mistake; that it had never been intended for him to read; that, if it had been written with a purpose, it had never been used for any purpose.

Then he remembered the moving of her table. Clearly the men had found it and, as he had assumed possession of her key, no doubt they had returned and flung the papers on his bed.

"In that case," said Smith thoughtfully, "I think I'll go down to the ailanthus tree and see if, by any chance, she is there."

She was there, seated in a chair, very intent on her writing pad. He was quite near her before she noticed him, and then she seemed dazed for a moment, rising and holding out her hand mechanically, looking at him in silence as he held her fingers imprisoned.

"I did not think you would return," she said. "It is a month—at least ——"

"Are you glad to see me?"

"Of course," she said simply, reseating herself. "Have you been well?"

"Yes; and you?"

"Perfectly, thank you."

He looked around at the long grass withered in patches; at the leafless tree. "Do you remember our first encounter here?" he said.

"Perfectly. You told me that there was a dragon under the tree, and a Chinese bird sat in its branches. That was in August, I think. This is November. Look up at the branches. All the leaves are gone. Only the silvery cocoons are hanging in clusters everywhere." And, bending slowly above her work again, "When are you going to turn our Tree of Dreams into a tower of bricks?"

But he only sat silent, smiling, watching her white fingers flying over the pad on her knees.

"I wonder," she said carelessly, "how long you are going to stay here this time."

"I wonder, too," he said.

"Don't you know?" she asked, raising her eyes and laughing faintly.

"No, I don't. Besides, why should I leave this lodging-house? I like it."

"Can't you afford to leave—after all that lucrative tower designing?"

He said, looking at her deliberately: "You know perfectly well that I can afford to."

Something in the quiet voice and gaze of the man startled her, but only a delicate glow of rising color in her cheeks betrayed any lack of self-possession. "I don't think I understand you," she said.

"I think you do," he insisted, seating himself at her feet in the grass.

She wrote a word or two on her pad, then looked down to meet his changed smile. A moment more, and she resumed her work in flushed confusion.

"You know who I am," he said calmly. "I didn't think you did until an hour ago. Shall I tell you what happened an hour ago?"

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She managed to meet his gaze without expression, but she did not answer.

"Then I will tell you what happened," he continued.

"Some men carried out a table from your room. A few moments later one of the men deposited a lot of loose manuscript which he had, I suppose, found in the table drawer. This all occurred while I was out on the balcony. When I returned to the room I found the papers on my bed. I could not avoid seeing my own name at the head of this breezy newspaper article. It is very cleverly written."

Wave after wave of scarlet flooded her face.

"So you have known who I am all this time?" he nodded slowly.

"Y-yes."

"It was a good chance—a legitimate chance for an article. You thought so, and you wrote it. The papers would have given it three columns and double leads. . . . Why didn't you use it?"

The tears flashed in her eyes. "I did not use it for the same reason that I am here with you now! Some things can be done, and some cannot. Good-by."

"Good-by?" he repeated slowly.

He stepped back; she passed before him, halted, turned and spoke again, steadying her voice which broke deliciously in spite of her: "I did not mean to ridicule you. When I wrote that article I had known you only a day or two—and I was desperate—frightened—half-starved. The chance came, and I took it—or tried to. But I couldn't. I never could have. So—that is all."

"I knew all that, too," he said. "I only thought I'd speak of it. I wanted to ask you something else ——"

She had halted.

"Ask it," she said, exercising every atom of self-command.

"Won't you turn around?"

"No. I—I cannot. What is it you wish, Mr. Smith?"

"Ah—about this tree. It's to be taken up, I believe. They've a method of doing it, you know. I—ah—have considered arrangements."

She made no movement.

"Fact is," he ventured, "I've a sort of a country place in the Berkshires. Do you think that our tree would do well in the Berkshires?"

"I don't know, Mr. Smith."

"Oh, I thought, perhaps, you'd be likely to know."

There was a pause of a full minute. "Is that all?" she asked, turning toward him with tear-flushed self-possession—but she had no idea that he was so close to her—no idea of what he was doing with her hands so suddenly imprisoned in his.

"Can you stand such a-a m-man as I am?" he stammered, the ancestral sentimental streak in the ascendency. "Would you—ah—mind marrying me?"

Her face was pale enough now.

"Do you mean you love me?" she said, dazed. And the next moment she had released her hands, stepping toward the tree.

"Yes, I mean that," he repeated; "I love you."

"But—but I do not love you, Mr. Smith ——"

"I—I know it. P-perhaps you could try. D-do you mind trying—a little ——"

He had followed her to the ailanthus. She retreated, facing him, and now stood backed up against the tree, her hands flat against the trunk behind her.

"Couldn't you try?" he asked. "I love you—I love you dearly. I know you're younger—I know you think me m-more or less of a ——"

"I don't!"

"I suppose I really haven't many brains," he said; "but yours are still intact."

Her blue eyes filled and grew starry.

"Did you read that entire article?" she asked unsteadily—"*did* you?"

"Yes—in bits—before I knew you had not meant me to. . . . I guess I am the sort of a man you make fun of ——"

Her eyes met his fairly for a moment, were lowered, then again raised. Something within them gave him courage, or perhaps the splendid rising color in her face, or perhaps the provocation of her mouth. And he kissed her. She did not stir; her lips were stiffly unresponsive.

But when, once more, he bent above her, she caught both his hands with a sob and met his lips with heart and soul, closing her wet eyes.

"D-darling," said J. Abingdon Smith, bending his head over hers where it lay buried in his shoulder, "I don't mind being an ass—really I don't ——"

Her hands crushed his, signaling silence.

"It isn't the funny things you wrote about me," he persisted; "but I really am that sort of a man. And likely to continue. You don't care, do you, dear?"

"W-when I love you!" she sobbed; "how can you say such things! D-do you think I'd love an idiot?"

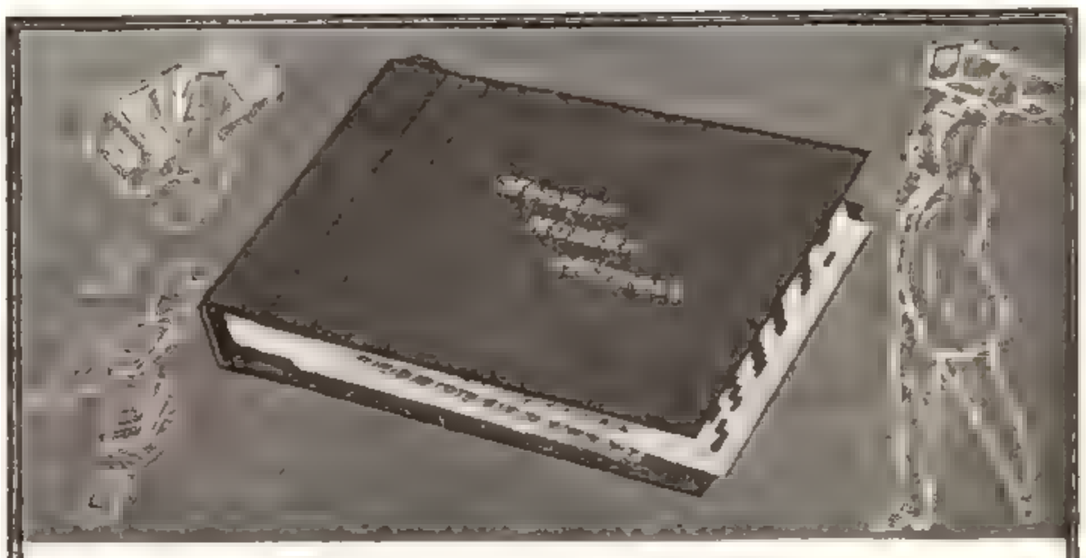
He was discreetly silent for a while, then: "Anyway, I've found all your furniture—the bandy-legged chairs and things," he whispered cheerfully. "They are waiting for you at—a—Abingdon—a place I have in the country. Are you pleased?"

She lifted her face and made an effort to speak.

"Never mind," he said, dizzy with happiness, "we'll talk it over to-morrow. I think," he added, "that I'll have the men here to-morrow to remove our tree. There's a splendid place for it on the lawn."

She turned, her hands clasped in his, and looked up at the Tree of Dreams. Then, very gently, she bent and laid her lips against the bark.

"Bang!" Repeated the Gas Range Emphatically



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THE STRONGER WILL

(Concluded from Page 11)

"No," said she; "I cannot! I am satisfied with my position and I will not take any interference from a passenger." Her words were curt and rude, but her voice was lifeless.

"Then," said Blackstone, "rather than yield to common-sense and sacrifice a bit of pride, you are willing to risk the lives of all aboard your vessel. For your father's sake alone, I beg of you to stop your ship, heave to, whatever you call it; at any rate, approach the coast slowly and cautiously until you can find out where you are."

"I know where I am," said Ingomar in a strained voice. "And since you persist in annoying me, as the captain of this vessel I order you to go below."

Ingomar's voice had risen in pitch and volume, and at the last words Larsen, who had been standing near the wheel, shambled forward. Blackstone did not move.

"You hear vat der kaptein says?" said Larsen doggedly. "You must go pelow, sir!"

"Larsen," said Blackstone, "I am an expert mathematician and understand navigation. I have taught it. I took the last reliable observation aboard this vessel and have worked out our position from that ——" He was interrupted by Ingomar's low, tense voice.

"I command you to leave the deck!" she said.

"I will not obey!" said Blackstone. "I will not stand by and see lives thrown away without a protest!"

Larsen's small blue eyes twinkled fiercely beneath his bushy eyebrows. He stepped toward Blackstone, opening and shutting his great hands. Giant as the man was, Blackstone welcomed any antagonist beyond the caprice of a girl. He set his teeth and, reaching back instinctively, his hand closed upon one of the heavy belaying-pins in the fife-rail. Ingomar saw the movement.

"Stop!" she cried to Larsen, then stepped forward and faced Blackstone, looking him squarely in the eyes. "Will you obey orders and go in peace?" she demanded, the faintest quaver in her voice.

"No!" said Blackstone doggedly. "Heave your vessel to before it is too late!"

For a moment their eyes were locked in silent strife, then slowly Ingomar's flickered and fell. She turned away with a sob.

"Call all hands!" she said to Larsen. The Norwegian made a gesture of contempt.

"Dere vas no use!" he said. "I tage him pelow like a paby; his pin vas yust a toy."

"Let him alone!" cried Ingomar furiously, "and do as I order you! I am going to heave the ship to!"

. . . . . .

The wind at sunset had hauled to the north and blew from a cold, clear sky. Hove to beneath her foresail the little Tromsö breasted the angry sling of the Channel chop.

When the sun was almost in the sea, the sky to leeward suddenly cleared, and as the low horizon slowly retreated those aboard the schooner saw a fearsome sight.

Two miles to leeward the gray-green water was broken in long bands of foaming white; in the distance these widened, and here and there projected brownish masses, some awash, some shouldering upward in uncouth shapes. Over these the boiling surges leaped and tumbled, spouting with slow majesty at the scud-flecked sky.

Farther and farther stretched the zone of milky water, on to the horizon, where slowly there loomed from beneath the mist a long, gray, broken rampart which, all at once, gleamed rosy pink as the sun kissed the sea. Then, as it darkened, a pin-prick of light winked against the purple sky.

Ingomar, with dim eyes and trembling knees, looked out across the waters. Beside her stood big Larsen, brooding silently under lowered brows.

"France!" said Ingomar. "My course led us on to those reefs! We have been near death to-day!"

Larsen mumbled, then glanced aloft. "The wind is hauling," he said, in his own tongue. "Shall we make sail and work her off?"

Ingomar threw out her arms. "Do what you please!" she cried brokenly. "I know nothing!" She dashed her hand to her eyes and went below.

Blackstone rose to his feet as she entered the cabin; he always rose when she entered, and the action had embarrassed the girl.

"You were right," said Ingomar wearily. "We are on the edge of the shoals." She sank beside the table and dropped her face into her hands. "Take command, if you like," she continued brokenly; "*I* shall never sail the Tromsö again!" She began to sob.

Blackstone stepped quickly to her side. "I am glad, Ingomar," he said in a low voice. "This is not the life which you should live."

Ingomar looked up. "What is?" she cried bitterly. "What else am I fit for?" She looked up into his face, then dropped her eyes. Blackstone leaned down and took her hands in his.

"Will you let me tell you, Ingomar?" he asked softly.

Ingomar tried to draw her hands away, but his clasp tightened.

"What does it matter to you?" she asked roughly. "What *can* it matter? I am only a Norwegian sailor-girl!"

"And I love you!" said Blackstone. "I love you, Ingomar, and I want you to love me in return and to marry me as soon as we get to land."

His voice thrilled the girl, for there was in it the same masterful tone which had thrilled her once before. Suddenly, he clasped her in his arms and drew her strongly to him, and Ingomar, fierce Viking maid that she was, found herself the captive of the stronger will.

Making the Land Pay

A NEGRO toiled in the cotton-fields around the mouth of the St. Francis River, Arkansas, from early youth until he was twenty-five years of age. Hard as he worked, he found himself always in debt, or at least penniless. He tried logging then, and did better. He began to get ahead—began to save money, which he carried next to his skin in a money-belt. One day he heard of a timber-brake for sale at $1.25 an acre—the usual price. It set him thinking, and the next day he went to the owner and found that there were one hundred acres in the plot of land. It was at the river's edge, and at the edge of a wilderness. Half a mile from it was a cotton plantation worth thirty dollars an acre.

"I'll buy hit, Boss," the negro said.

"You say you will!" exclaimed the man, a white.

"Yassuh, I shore will!"

A lawyer drew the deed, and the negro got the land. He had about forty dollars to start with. The first thing he did was to go to Helena and find a market for his logs at a sawmill there. The sawmill man said that he would pay for the logs at the dump, and take them down the river himself.

How that darky toiled to get his trees down, and to "tote" them to the dump! They were two, three and even five ton logs requiring five-mule teams to haul them. But the negro, his wit quickening, found a way.

He mortgaged his land and rented a five-mule team for a month. With these mules he hauled enough logs to the dump to make it worth while for the sawmill man to send a scaler. The scaler found the logs sorted out into different qualities—exports, veneers and what-not. When the scaler went away the negro was able to lift his mortgage and pay off his brother, who, till then, had worked for his board.

With another man, the negro kept at his task, and, when spring came, had a good clearing in his forest. He planted cotton among the stumps, and next autumn he cleared the rest of his land, and sold a little cotton besides. Now he had too much money to carry in his belt, so he put it into another timber-brake—a square mile of gum and cottonwood brake.

When I saw him, two years ago, he had five or six men working with him—not merely for him—and was rapidly converting his $1.25 forest land into thirty-dollar cotton land—and receiving $3.50 a thousand feet board measure for the logs that he hauled to the bank. The dump had $1500 worth of timber on it then.

—*R. S. S.*

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SAMPSON ROCK OF WALL STREET

(Concluded from Page 17)

"Sure. That's how I got the Virginia Central stock. That's why I had trouble with Dan at first, and why I put Roanoke to par when I got mad because they had killed you and they thought there was nobody to fight for you. I don't know how you will make out with Roanoke in the future, when I may not be here. You will probably make more money. When it comes to that, I guess I'm an ass. But consider; I'm your son."

"No, I'm your father, Sammy," said Sampson Rock. Then he laughed, but suddenly became serious again. Fanny's hand moved nervously. Quick as a flash, Sam turned to her and said:

"Hear that, Fanny?"

"Yes; I hear it," she whispered.

"Then ——"

She felt her face burn. She was grateful when Sampson Rock said:

"Sam, I'm afraid I'll need you to supply some gaps. Awfully sorry to take you away from Fanny." Sampson Rock smiled at her apologetically.

"It will only be for a little while," said Sam reassuringly to Fanny.

"Mother," said Fanny, glad of an excuse, "we must be going."

Mrs. Collyer came down to earth.

"Do you think I'd better hold for one hundred and ten, Sampson?" she asked Rock. She had given all up for lost and had now a $40,000 profit. Should she make it $60,000, to offset the earlier agony?

"Ask Sam," replied Sampson Rock. "He's running this deal."

"I'll let you know before the market opens to-morrow," Sam said. Sampson Rock laughed appreciatively. Fanny looked at Sam and he smiled back boyishly. She turned away her eyes and Sam looked at his father, who asked hopefully:

"You don't happen to know how much Roanoke approximately you bought, do you?"

"No. What's the odds? I think Dan bought 30,000 ——"

"I know how much *I* bought," broke in Dunlap.

"I don't know how much Valentine bought," said Sam. "I told him to keep on buying till I told him to stop."

"Of course ——" began Dunlap.

"Yes; you've made him a white-livered coward. Ask him! I told Meighan & Cross to buy 5000, and this telephone"—pointing to the guilty instrument—"another 5000, and this one another 5000, and Harding 10,000. I haven't seen their reports. I specifically told Valentine that those purchases were for your account, Dad. What Dan bought around 72 and 74 was for mine, with my money. But if you want to divide profits on yours, I'll be forbearing. Mine, I'll keep." He smiled quizzically.

"Twenty-five thousand. Thank Heaven for that! I feared you had bought the whole capital stock." Rock sighed in humorous relief.

"And I strongly advised Commodore Roberts to buy, and he said he'd take on 10,000 just to please me. He also promised to join my Austin iron syndicate and ——"

"Great Scott!" Sampson Rock burst out laughing.

Valentine came in.

"There's a mob outside to see you, Mr. Dunlap. I guess it's the shorts in Roanoke and in Virginia Central. The afternoon papers say Virginia Central is cornered and ——"

"Go easy with them, Dad," said Sam. "I'd rather not make a cent than ——" He paused and looked uncertainly at his father.

"Of course not, my son," said Sampson Rock in a matter-of-fact tone. Then he added jovially: "There's glory enough to go around. You've made enough, although the Sydney purchases were rather Wall Streety. Go, Dan, and cheer them up. Tell the Roanoke shorts we'll fix the settling price after we figure out how we ourselves stand, or they can take their chances in the open market to-morrow. Don't lend a share. As for Virginia Central, the Roanoke will pay seventy-five dollars a share. So must they, plus a little commission from those who sold it short above sixty-five."

"Sam's done pretty well, considering," smiled Dunlap. Fanny's face was radiant. There was a suggestion of pride not less than contentment. In her eyes was a light that came from other things than excitement. Mrs. Collyer's lips were parted breathlessly. She was at the great Mint which coined the hopes that soared into the eagles that did not.

"Yes," retorted Sam, looking at Dunlap, "considering that you were scared stiff, I have done pretty well." He turned to his father and said briskly: "As soon as the novelty of your resurrection wears off I want to say something to you. There's no time to lose."

"Oh, rest on your laurels for a week!" laughed Sampson Rock. In his glance there was satisfaction and unmistakable affection. Sam was glad to see it. It meant easy sailing in the future. It insured the success of the Great Work. He said, in a tone of raillery that had a serious undertone:

"I'll strike while the iron is hot—Austin iron—and I want to pay for the stock with what profits come from saving your esteemed life to-day. Also, I might as well have the options on the coal lands that Morson treacherously secured before I reached Austin. I want you to see Darrell to-morrow and help us organize the ——"

Sampson Rock threw up both hands. "Don't shoot! Take all I have! Leave me only these clothes and a tooth-brush!"

"You might as well do it, Sampson," put in Mrs. Collyer with a felicitating smile. She looked first at Rock and then at Sam—the same smile to each.

"Very well, Sam. Bring Darrell, and we'll talk it over."

"There's no talking to do. You are here to listen. Remember, I am to make my headquarters at Austin while Rogers gets in his fine licks on the old Central. He'll have the job of his life."

"While waiting for your train to leave, suppose you let me introduce you to some of those victims of yours who are waiting tremblingly outside?" Dunlap jauntily left the room to act as Grand Chamberlain.

Fanny, realizing that the men had important business before them, said: "Mother, what is home without you? I don't think there are sleeping accommodations here." She made an attempt at a smile, but in her eyes there was a determined look. Sam did not see it, because he had not looked at her since he began to talk business with his father.

Sampson Rock took advantage of the society look of penitence which Mrs. Collyer put on and deftly escorted her to the corridor. Sam accompanied Fanny. There were several people standing outside the door of the office and before the elevator shaft. Three newspaper photographers aimed their cameras at Sam.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Don't you ——"

The cameras clicked. One of the photographers calmly said: "Just once more please, Mr. Rock."

"No use, Sam," laughed Sampson Rock, not unpleasantly. He was without personal vanity, but Sam was his only son. "They all carry accident policies. This is what you get for being famous."

"Look pleasant, Fanny," laughed Sam. She turned away her head unsmilingly.

"Here's the elevator. Down!"

"Good-by, Sampson. Sam," said Mrs. Collyer, shaking her finger while she blocked the door of the elevator, "don't forget, my dear boy, before the market opens to-morrow ——"

"Going down?" asked the elevator man in a resigned voice.

"Yes," Mrs. Collyer told him politely. "Now, Sam ——"

Sam was listening to his father. But he turned and said:

"Very well, Aunt Marie. Good-by, Fanny. I'll be up to the house—ah—soon." He added, a trifle apologetically, "Just as soon as I possibly can."

"Very well, Sam," said Fanny quietly. She saw that he was already talking to his father, who smiled as he listened with paternal interest. She caught the word "Austin." She bit her lip and turned to her mother. The gate slammed and they shot downward.

"At 125," murmured Mrs. Collyer absently, "it will be—I'll ask Sam."

"Mother!" whispered Fanny. There were tears in her voice; her eyes were dry and very bright. But they looked tired. It was not until, after a restless night, she saw the morning papers and the long "stories" of the great *coup* and Sam's picture, that there came to her eyes the tears that were the price of her victory—the same papers that made Sam smile before he began to talk to his father about the Great Work, at the breakfast-table.

(THE END)

SLEEPING OUT-OF-DOORS

(Concluded from Page 14)

But sleeping out-of-doors, while being a remarkable restorative measure for the sick, is also a powerful disease preventive for those who are well. For the hosts of men and women who, for various reasons, are obliged to lead sedentary lives in offices, shops and homes, or who are employed in dusty factories and dingy workrooms, it easily furnishes the opportunity for securing several hours of refreshing and invigorating open air obtainable in no other way. Brain-workers, college professors, schoolteachers and professional persons may bring to their daily vocations a clearer head, a sounder body and a better disposition by this means. For those persons, also, who—while not immediately ill of any disease—complain of being run down, weak and deficient in nerve energy; of suffering from headache, a tired feeling and dullness on arising in the morning, and who, on account of these symptoms, fall easy victims to the numberless patent alcoholic nostrums and drug swindles, outdoor sleeping would prove to be a tonic and restorative.

Besides being a health restoring and preserving measure, extraforaneous repose decreases the amount of sleep required each night. By providing oxygen in a more liberal quantity than indoor air the reconstructive metabolic processes of the body-cells are hastened and tissue repair and nerve force are more rapidly and effectually restored. This means a saving in the amount of rest a human being needs of approximately one hour a night. It has been estimated authoritatively that an individual reaching the allotted span of three-score years and ten expends twenty-two years of his life in sleep. Allowing eight hours as the number spent in slumber by the average individual, a saving of sixty minutes each night would mean an economical extension of more than two years of wakefulness and activity for such a person were he an outdoor sleeper. This does not take into consideration either the extra years one might live beyond the normal period of life on account of the increased vigor and bodily tone induced by nightly breathing pure outdoor air. As a factor in augmenting efficiency and productiveness this added life, so to speak, would be of considerable importance to many men, like our "captains of industry," who are pressed for time. To these and other men it would allow, also, more moments of leisure for needful recreation.

Nevertheless, despite the fact that sleeping out has so many advantages over spending the nights indoors, it is only rarely that we find an individual who, by a practical trial, has convinced himself of this truth. When such a person is found we usually discover that ill health has been the original causative reason for his acquiring the habit. To most other folks the mere suggestion of reposing a night in the open gives them a chill and arouses the imaginary horrors of pneumonia. In their fancy they picture outdoor sleeping as a shivering exposure to dampness, draft and discomfort, while inhaling dangerous "night air." For the man who turns up his coat collar, commences to sneeze and expects a cold in the head, tonsilitis and the grip each time an outer door is opened for a moment and a breath of fresh air enters his home, sleeping on a roof never will be a favorite or popular method of seeking nocturnal rest; but to the one who will consider such a plan sensibly and rationally, adopt it carefully and understandingly, and pursue it faithfully and continuously, there will come a quick realization of its benefits, a pleasurable delight in its indulgence and a contempt for its imaginary dangers.

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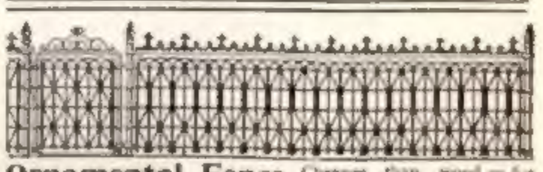

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